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AMONG THE HILLS OF ALLEN.



OR years the making of "moonshine" whisky was the chief industry of people who made their homes among the hills of Allen County, Kentucky. Farming was a lost art with them. Virgil could not have convinced them that there was to be found happiness and prosperity in tilling the soil, had

his spirit located among them and sang to them in their own vernacular the immortal wisdom of the Georgics. Shocks of corn were as scarce as "meetin' houses." The corn that was brewed into liquor at the "still" was even traded for at the village store. To raise enough corn to make "pone bread" was the average ambition. Wheat had no social standing in the community. "White bread" was not appreciated, and, in fact, was not received with favor by the natives. Their fathers before them had made "moonshine," and the occupation was accepted solemnly as a legacy. Long before revenue laws had been framed it had been followed as a trade by the male mountaineers. The "still" was a sacred institution, and was guarded and revered. The "moonshine" found ready sale in the villages, and the money earned so easily made farming unnecessary, clothed families, and kept the men in comparative idleness.

It is not strange then that the advent of the

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revenue officers caused greater sorrow to these poor ignorant wretches than did the civil war. The army took few of the fathers and sons, but the "officers," on their murderous raids, made many a home desolate. The "stills" were broken, the tubs emptied and destroyed, and those who attempted to defend their property were shot down as if they were assassins. Nearly every family mourned for some member who had been shot or driven from the country. A world of orators could not have convinced these humble people that there was any justice or humanity in such legalized murders.

The revenue officials fought them persistently. Day and night they raided the mountains, ransacked cabins, searched caves, and followed the offenders into the remotest hiding places. At last they had ferreted out every still in the mountains, and dozens of the active leaders were taken off to prison to be tried and sentenced.

The spirit was finally crushed out of them, and for years the worm of the still did not raise its head in the hills of Allen. But the feeling of revenge and hate remained. The smoldering embers had been fanned into a flame, white, fierce, and consuming. Ever since the overthrow of the "moonshine" dynasty, at occasional intervals, men were found shot dead on the red dirt of the mountain-road. Their pockets were never turned; if the victim had any money when he began his journey it was in his purse when the next traveler found the corpse. No mistakes were made; the murdered man was always a government official, or some deputy who had accompanied the raiders on a trip through the hills, or some native spy who had insulted the memories of his forefathers and outraged every tradition of his home by piloting the officers on their journeys.

In no one breast did this thirst for revenge burn longer than in that of "Ole Jeff" Carter, as he was familiarly known throughout the

county. Twelve years before this old man had lost his oldest son, a tall, lithe fellow in his twenty-first year. He was the very apple of the old man's eye, and a prince among his rough associates. The wild, free life had made him fearless. He prided himself on his courage, and could whip his weight in wild-cats, and "would jes' tackle anether fer good count," in the language of an admirer. In a desperate conflict with the "officers," where three moonshiners were killed and a half-dozen wounded, young "Bob" Carter was the last to surrender. He fought like an Indian. They could not secure him, wounded as he was, and when in his very death agony he drove a hunting-knife into an officer's breast, it was necessary to shoot him again. He would have died in a few minutes any way, but, as a kindly deputy expressed it, "He seemed to be sufferin', and I had to put him out of his misery." The death of this boy made an eternal night in "ole Jeff's" heart. He wandered over the hills for months in an aimless way, his gun upon his shoulder, "lookin' fer the officers."

As time dragged on he became more reconciled to his sorrow. His wife, and daughter Martha, a mere child of five or six years, and a younger son "Jim," then a boy of fifteen, had to be cared for. Gradually his great grief lifted sufficiently for him to begin work. He farmed a little, hunted some, and traded, and so managed to keep the family from suffering.

Jim was very much like his brother, a worthless, reckless, ne'er-do-well. He resembled him physically too. The likeness became striking as he advanced in years, and he soon grew into his father's deserted heart. The melancholy old man needed some vital warmth, some recompense for the terrible loss that had withered his ambition and wrecked his happiness, and "Jim," rough and indifferent though he was, furnished the missing element.

In his plannings for the boy's happiness the old man became thrifty. He visited the village of Scottville frequently, and began to trade in stock. He became a shrewd dealer, and in a few years he had saved a comfortable sum of money.

He soon entertained a pride in his prosperity. Martha was sent to the village school, and learned rapidly. In a few sessions she advanced surprisingly in her studies. With her mental growth came a physical improvement that made her one of the handsomest young girls in the school.

Young "Jim" was his father's constant com-

panion. They shared confidences with each other, and at home or riding over the country they were nearly inseparable. "Ole Jeff" would match Jim "agin any youngster in the county." "Why, my Jim is a plum thoroughbred," he used to say; "luck at his shoulders, an' his head, an' his eyes. Why, he kin run like a deer and jump like a mountin' fox." This ignorant, coarse old fellow was softened and refined by the wild, fierce love he bore for this boy.

The boy was not contented with his surroundings. He wanted to spend all of his time in the village, drinking and loafing. The father remonstrated with him, but to no purpose. The advice was given him in the gentlest, kindest way; the old man loved him too well to say any thing that would cause the boy pain. Even this mild restriction chafed the boy's wild nature.

One morning he was missing. There was much alarm in the little home at his absence, but all of them were sure he would soon return. The next day he did not come. The old man waited with a dull tugging at his heart-strings that foreboded bad news. He knew "Jim" would come back. Even when the boy had been absent a week he did not betray serious alarm. He had built so many air-castles for "My Jim," that he could n't bear to see them tremble. If they must fall, it seemed his reason must go with them. He had dreamed of sending him to school after a while, and he could not help saying in his pathetic way: "Jim hain't a-goin' to desert me. He kyant go back on the father and mother what raised him, and stood by him. Why, that hain't a bit like Jim. Old 'ooman, he'll come back purty soon. Why," and the sad old man laughed to keep from betraying his despair, "that boy'll jest be rackin' back here afore you know it."

A month had driven "ole Jeff" back into the shadows again. Jim had not returned. The days grew long, and weeks darkened into months, and yet there was no gleam of promise any where. The burden at last proved too much; "ole Jeff's" mind could not stand the strain. He lost interest in his business, and soon neglected it entirely. His wife and daughter were kindly treated, but the sun-light had gone out of his life, and through all the dreary years that followed he simply groped his way.

Although ten seemingly interminable years had passed since "Jim" had turned his back upon his home, "ole Jeff" never lost hope.

The mental malady which made every other thought and purpose a blank seemed to center on the return of his son, and he talked about it in a ceaselessly pathetic way. Every day, as sure as morning followed night, he left the house and went up the mountain road.

"Jim's a-comin' to-day, sho'. I'm goin' out to meet him. I know he's a-comin'," he would say with simple earnestness.

But Jim never came.

Each evening found him trudging back, tired and worn, his head shaking mournfully. With his dull, faded, restless eyes shaded by bushy eye-brows, his wrinkled, bearded face, his long, unkempt hair, his emaciated, drooping form, he presented a pitiable appearance. It did not seem possible that his weak mind and body could last much longer. In a few months at least he must lay down the burden.

CHAPTER II.

Martha Carter was just entering her eighteenth year. She would have been a handsome girl if poverty had not decreed it otherwise. Her school experience had given her a taste for knowledge that she gratified, whenever it was possible, by reading the few books and papers she could procure at the village. There was an intelligence in her bright eyes that could not be found in those of her mountain associates. Standing in the door-way of the cabin, peering across the valley, with one hand shading her eyes, the other hand at her waist and her arms akimbo, she added life and beauty to the whole landscape. And when she rested her shapely head against her raised arm, her generous girlish figure taking a graceful attitude, the rays of the setting sun softening the angles of her face and throwing a halo of color about her, the mother, sitting tired and wan in the rocker behind her, could not repress a sigh over the ill-fortune that made her daughter waste her splendid young womanhood in that sterile wilderness.

"I wonder why father don't come home," said Martha, turning wearily from the door. "The sun will soon be down, and he don't often stay so long."

Something in her mother's worn, wrinkled face, caused the girl to glide swiftly to her. She dropped upon one knee, clasped both her mother's hands, and said with consolatory tenderness, "Why, mother, you're crying! Don't do that. What can be the matter? Have I said or done any thing to hurt you. Please

don't cry any more. There!" she added with an emphasis of victory, as she lifted a fold of her dress and stopped two rivulets of tears that could find no room in the sad old woman's eyes.

"No, child, you ain't done nothin'. You're allers a-doin' sompin' to sort a cheer me up. I get so low down in the mouth about your pap. It's him that makes me kinder sad like. I'm a rough ole woman, without eddication and the likes, but it don't take no book larnin' to tell a-body when his heart hurt 'em. Fer twelve long years yer pap has bin a-growin' a-weaker and a-foolisher. Ever sence Jim w-e-n-t a-w-a-y," she faltered, "he hain't been no use to hisself or we 'uns. I tuck a good squar look at 'em to-day, an' I couldn't hope sayin' to messef, 'Jeff's a-goin' mighty fast.' This mawnin he laughed real peart an' sort a-rubbed his hands like this, an' begin talking to hissef, 'Never you min', mammy, Jim's a-comin' back. I'm a-goin' out to meet 'em. He's a-comin' purty soon, purty soon!' Oh, what'll we 'uns do when he goes?" and a fresh torrent of tears choked all the channels of speech.

"Mother, dear! now please don't cry any more," Martha answered, reassuringly. She reached out for a low stool, and, drawing it near her mother's chair, slid into it, buried her face in her mother's lap, and both of them cried as if their hearts would break.

"Mother," said the girl, as she raised her stained face and wiped away the tears that only flowed anew, "he looked so tired and sick this morning I followed him through the brush for fear that somethin' might happen to him. He didn't stop until he came to the spring, and then he sat down on the rocks to rest, and I hid behind the bushes and waited to see what he would do. He took off his hat and sat there in the hot sun ever so long. After a while he slipped off the rock on his knees and drew his finger through the sand, like he was trying to write something. When he got up tears were running down his cheeks, for he wiped his coat sleeve across his eyes two or three times. He picked up his rifle and walked off toward the mountain with his eyes on the ground and his head shaking. When he got out of sight, I went down to the spring and found that he had spelled in big letters in the sand: 'J-I-M.'"

Again both women drew closer to each other and wept bitterly over their sorrows.

The group was a sad one, but the surroundings made it sadder still. There was summer

every where but in the hearts of the stricken creatures. The open door framed a picture of singular beauty. The mountains seemed as if strewn in anger from the hands of the Maker.



"OLE JEFF."

The landscape was idealized by the great yellow sun that flamed away off in the west like a disk of beaten, burning gold. A shower of amber light—the incense of the dying day—filtered through the forest, and every leaf and flower answered the touch of the tremulous breeze that stole up the valley with cooling messages from the advancing night. Just to the north an ambitious hill climbed beneath a burden of close-growing cedars toward the tender, warm sky. A succession of mountains circled around to the south and formed a natural wall. Behind them, in regular defile, as if marshaled for an evening dress-parade, other mountains lifted their blue hoods until they were lost in the hazy infinitudes of space.

What a contrast the wretchedness and poverty of this humble home offered. The walls, that without such adornment would have been rough and bare, were covered with wood-cuts of all descriptions from the illustrated papers.

Pictures of noted men, of actresses, of horses, and boat-races, flaming circus posters, notices of country fairs and barbecues, were pasted on every available spot. The old man had brought them home in triumph from his visits to the village. He had passed many an hour in perfect contentment cutting out these pictures and sticking them on the walls. A plated clock, bought, perhaps, with some pound of coffee at the village store, ticked unmusically from a shelf. A rocker made of wild grape-vine, for "mammy," a few broken chairs, a warped table, a bench with a bucket, a gourd, and a rusty water-pan on it, completed the furniture of the main apartment, which was used for a "dinin' an' settin'" room, and in winter did double duty as a kitchen.

A quick, strange knock brought both mother and daughter to their feet. Without waiting an invitation to come in—which welcome seemed only delayed by the surprise given the inmates—a stranger strode into the room. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and rough in his manner. He removed his slouch hat, and his reddish-brown hair hung in Southern luxuriance on his neck. A full, careless beard covered his face. He held a trimmed switch in one hand, and with it he nervously whipped the rather gaudily-topped boots into which his pantaloons were stuffed.

"Come in, sir," ventured Martha, in a tone of voice that implied that the stranger must surely be mistaken, or that at least she hoped he was.

"Thanks, ladies, thanks!" he answered, throwing his hat on a chair, and running his hand caressingly through his hair. "I'm on my way to Glasgow, about twelve miles above here, I believe. Comin' up the road I saw your house sort a-hidin' among the trees, an' it bein' about dusk an' it kinder cloudin' up, I sez, 'It won't do no harm if I drap over jes' to see ef I could n't hang up fer the night.' I kem through Scottville this artemnoon and was kep waitin' thar a leetle longer than I kalkilated. Night comin' on sort er sot me back, an' I hope you v'e got a spar bed."

The girl looked inquiringly at her mother, and both in their confusion answered, "Yes, sir."

"Now, I'm powerful glad o' that," he replied, with an inflection of great satisfaction, as he brushed his hat from the chair and sat down.

"How fur is't to the nearest house?"

"About eight miles," answered Mrs. Carter.

"E-i-g-h-t m-i-l-e-s," and he lengthened every letter as if it was a league long. "Could n't make it in less 'n two hours. Clouds gittin' mighty black, too."

He rose to his feet, swung himself to the door, and put his hand out in time to catch the first drops of the rapidly approaching storm.

"Beg to be excused," he remarked hurriedly, dropping a queer courtesy. "I mus' hustle out an' git my traps." He walked to the low rail fence that crawled by the door, and stepped over it. Taking the saddle from the horse, he threw his bundles over his shoulder and, after tightening the bridle which had been thrown around the limb of a tree, he returned to the house. He deposited his "traps" in the corner and resumed his talk. Evidently the stranger liked the sound of his voice.

"Nice place hyar," he rattled on, "mighty wild, but perty fer all thet. Cou'dn' keep from a-lookin over my shoulder as I come up the valley. Powerful big hills you've got in this country. Reminds me mightily of Tennessey. Lucks like a moonshine roost here. Talkin' uv moonshiners, hunted 'em menny a night in the Tennessey mountains, jes' like I would 'possum. Lose a man once't in a while, but pick off a 'shiner too, perty offen. Sheriff tole me, down en ther village, thet the "revenuers" had sort o' cleaned out the 'shiners in Allen. Wall, thet's about right, I reckon. Perty hard set; most on 'em ought to be wiped out."

There is no telling how long he would have continued leaping over the hedges of courtesy had not the blanched, vapid face of "ole Jeff" appeared at the door. He had arrived in time to hear the stranger's reckless statements.

The stranger, concealing a manifest surprise and agitation at the intrusion, arose and said, "Good evenin', sah."

The old man glared fiercely at him for a moment, dropped his rifle in a corner, and shuffled sullenly past the bowing figure, and entered the next room without a word.

Mrs. Carter followed her husband. The stranger resumed his seat and his talk.

"Your pap, eh?"

Martha dropped her eyes confusedly and answered, "Yes, sir; but you must n't pay much attention to father; he has n't been well lately."

"Never mind, little 'un," he broke in; "we'll get along all right."

When the stranger paused for breath between his almost ceaseless questionings and

reminiscences the murmurous inflections of an argumentative conversation floated from the adjoining room. Finally, from the subdued tone of their voices, it was apparent an understanding had been arrived at. They returned to the room and Mrs. Carter said, with no lack of confusion, "This is my husban'."

"Harper's the name, ma'm, Harper—George H. Harper."

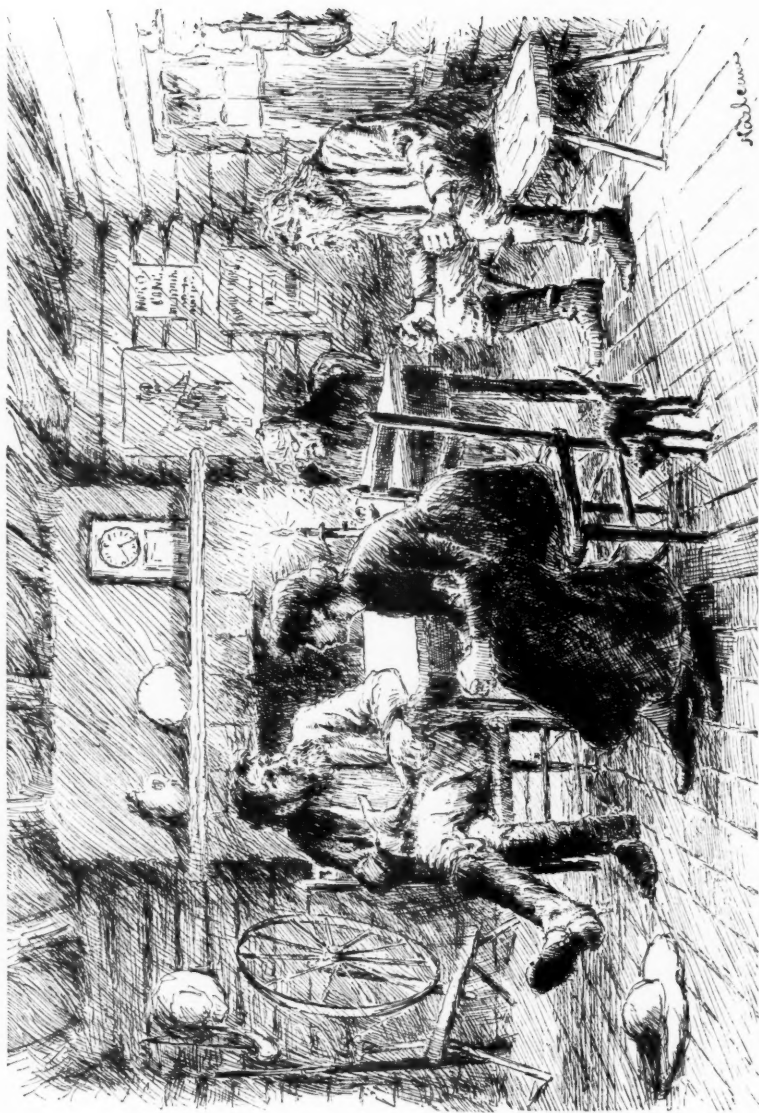
"Glad to meet you, sah; glad to know you," he chattered, encouraged by the progress he was making. "You see, ole fren', I'm in a bad box. The ladies tells me thar's a spar' bed, but I'm willin' to sleep on the floor to git shelter."

The old man growled out an unintelligible assent and shuffled away, Martha and her mother blushing crimson.

All the doors were closed and the candles lighted, and a modest supper was soon prepared and eaten. In an hour the storm had blown over and left the night cool and beautiful, with a full moon deluging the hill-tops with silver. The stranger was an incessant and impetuous talker. He volunteered more stories of the moonshine raids he had conducted in the "Tennessey" mountains. "Ole Jeff's faded eyes would light up at the recital. It was as if oil had been poured upon slumbering coals; the flames leaped in fitful gleams from out his sunken eyes like a lighted torch held against the wind.

The clock struck harshly the hour of nine, and Mrs. Carter took an extra candle, and, lighting it, told the stranger she would show him to his room. "Good nights" were exchanged, and soon the quiet, the absolute and impressive quiet of the forest was over every thing.

The door had hardly closed on Mrs. Carter before George Harper dropped upon his knees, and, burying his face in the bed, cried like a child. There was no need for masking now. He had played his part with remarkable equanimity. But the sight of his father, old and weak-minded, the painful evidences of poverty and suffering, his sister grown into womanhood amid such surroundings, his mother's care-worn face, all proved too much for him, and he could not stay his tears. Why did he wait so long? True, he had made a fortune, and it was his intention to return sooner, but he had delayed till he had reached his pecuniary ambition. He had come back to take them to his Texas home. This thought brought some comfort, and the chidings of his conscience were stilled.



He was an incessant and impetuous talker.

His talk about the moonshiners, his full, rough beard, and his stalwart form disguised him completely. To-morrow he would gladden all their hearts. He had planned a surprise for them, and he wanted to make it as complete as possible. Now that he was with them once more he could restrain for a few hours his desire to proclaim his identity. In pursuance of his plans he took a piece of mirror from the wall and placed it in position on the table. He next rescued from the chaos of his baggage a pair of scissors, a shaving-cup and a razor. In a few minutes the scissors had trimmed his moustache and beard close to his face. A half hour's patient work with the razor left his face comparatively smooth and white. He could not repress a smile at the metamorphosis. Every feature was revealed, and the face of his boyhood, a little broader and a little older looking, was reflected back to him. "They will know me now," he laughed. As each article of clothing was removed he would return to the little broken mirror and look at himself again and again.

The candle was at last blown out, and he stretched himself upon the bed, which was drawn close to the open window. He had slept in that same bed from his earliest childhood, and the memories crowded painfully on him now. Before him lay the familiar landscape. Every rock and tree was an old friend. It never looked so beautiful to him before. The moon was poised above the valley like some silver-winged bird. The mountains, their foliage clinging like a velvet robe, pushed their gleaming shoulders toward the skies. The valley flowed between its chain of sentinels, winding away in sinuous beauty until the lines of perspective met and marked the material world. A ripple of wind made every pendant leaf glint and tremble as though a shower of moonlight fell. Occasionally the long, piteous cry of a wolf rudely awoke the drowsy echoes. A gossamer web of mist, amethystine in its lightness and purity, floated about the mountain-tops like a veil of filmy lace, and trailed in regal beauty adown over the kingly pines, and over the rocks and undergrowth until it swept the valley like a bride's costly train.

The grown man was a simple-hearted boy again. His quickened fancy carried him back to every adventure of his younger days. He could not restrain the grief that crowded into his eyes, and turning from the perfect fairyland in all its jeweled loveliness, he wept over the memories of the past until he slept.

CHAPTER III.

Had "Jim" Carter opened his eyes an hour before dawn and turned them upon the window that such a short while before had framed for him so beautiful a picture, he would have witnessed a sight that would have stilled his heart. A hatless shock of hair arose slowly from beneath the window. A moment more a pair of eyes distended with a murderous light looked into the room. The moonlight streamed across the bed, and plainly outlined the form of the sleeping occupant. His face was turned from the window, and he was breathing with the easy regularity that bespeaks helpless repose. Emboldened by the position of the sleeper, the face at the window was lifted above the sill. The set mouth, the cruel, blazing eyes, the livid, awful face did not disguise "ole Jeff" Carter's identity. He raised his right hand dexterously, placed his left hand on the low window-sill, and the terrible gleam of a long hunting-knife was lost in the form of the sleeping man. The knife was withdrawn from its fleshly scabbard instantaneously, and the withered arm, tense and nervous now, was raised for another stroke. But before it could be delivered the innocent victim leaped in anguish from the bed and turned his face toward the window. The moonlight made every feature of the two men visible. Jim recognized his father, and the old man saw, not the enemy of the moonshiners, not the stranger who had intruded upon his hospitality, but the white face of his long-lost son, "Jim," whose image was ever with him. To his ignorant and excited mind it appeared a supernatural effect. Reason had returned to him for an instant, and in the brief but tragic moment that the two men stood staring at each other the old man read his fate.

"Great God! it's my Jim's ghost!" he shrieked, with all the vehemence of terror and despair. He leaped through the air as if a shot had pierced his heart, and before the wounded man could fall, weak and faint, upon the bed, "ole Jeff's" frightful cries were still echoing from the hills.

The horrible sounds had aroused the mother and daughter, and when they rushed into the room they found covered with blood and looking pale and piteous, not the bearded stranger of the night before, but the familiar face of the son and brother.

"My God, it's Jim!" was the simultaneous cry. It was no time for questionings. He nod-

ded his head affirmatively and smiled faintly. The women, nerved by the consciousness that he was suffering, soon procured water and bandages and dressed his wounds. A stimulant strengthened him, and he found words to tell the dreadful story. His arm was pierced through, and his breast was painfully cut, but the wounds were not serious.

The sun was crimsoning the cool sky when Martha and her mother left the little cabin to

hunt for "ole Jeff." He had not returned, and they could not hush the stifling dread that came to them.

They knew that he could not go far, and they tried to buoy themselves up with the hope that he had fallen from exhaustion. They at last reached the spring, and there they found him with his white face to the skies, dead from fright, and near him, still visible in the sand, were the rude letters, "J-I-M."

Daniel E. O'Sullivan.

WAR PRISONS AND WAR POETRY.

IN these days of peace and general plenty, of voluntary and productive labor, and of entire personal freedom, except as men are hampered by business ties or confined for crime, it is not easy to realize that at one time, only twenty-two years ago, amid the other horrors of our civil war, more than one hundred thousand men were held as prisoners of war in the various military prisons North and South, to say nothing of more than one million others who were from war's necessity deprived in camps of a large share of their personal liberty by the strict requirements of military discipline. Though so many actors in those stirring scenes have left life's stage, quite as many survivors have vivid memories of that period of intense anxiety and trial; but the rising generation is growing up in comparative forgetfulness of the terrible ordeals through which many of their older friends passed, as well as of the noble impulses that inspired them in that grand struggle between States-rights and Federal supremacy.

The healthful memories of those days and their useful lessons should not be allowed to fade away. Let us do what we can to record them faithfully, both for the truth of history and for the use of those who follow us.

The object of this sketch is to contribute a mite to the prison records of the war from a Southern stand-point, to call attention to songs that served to while away the irksomeness of prison-life, and especially to give a more general circulation to some admirable verses from the gifted pen of a prison comrade of the writer, Colonel William Stewart Hawkins, of Nashville, Tennessee, who died soon after he was released from Fort Delaware, at the close of the war. These verses, in the true spirit

and rhythm of poesy, were written by Colonel Hawkins, together with some others elsewhere published, while he was confined, from December, 1863, to the summer of 1865, in the war prisons at Nashville, Louisville, Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio, and Fort Delaware, in Delaware Bay, near Philadelphia. They are worthy of remembrance not only for true poetic merit, but because they breathe the patriotic love of our Southern homes and Southern cause which animated the mass of our Southern soldiers even while they lay pining in Northern prisons—prisons which, in some of their unrecorded horrors, quite equaled the worst that was ever true of Andersonville.

Whatever allusions may be made in this brief sketch to any of the harsher features of such prison-life, the object will not be to stir up strife and to "open wounds afresh." All my sentiments as a soldier of the "Lost Cause" are in full sympathy with the spirit and acts of restored good will and reconciliation which have of late years in so many ways drawn the soldiers and civilians of both sides into more friendly relations. God speed all the efforts which, like the Expositions of Louisville and New Orleans, and exchanges of courtesies between Northern and Southern soldiers, tend to bring our people of all sections into closer sympathies and to cement our Union of States. If for a moment or two the curtain is lifted from some acts of cruel or unnecessary harshness in Northern prisons, it will be merely to suggest that were Southern soldiers disposed to hold up to public view only the darker side of their prison-life without its palliating circumstances, as has been too often done about our prison-camp at Andersonville, Georgia, we could record quite as dark a page of war his-

tory, and make a full offset to any cruelties charged against Southern war prisons.

To judge dispassionately and correctly in such matters, we must always bear in mind that prison-life, and, indeed, a soldier's life, is hard at best; and that to hold securely and in proper subjection thousands of daring men inured to the risks of war, many of them ever ready for bold plans of escape, you must have very stringent rules and enforce them strictly.

In such enforcement there must needs be many occasions for individual wrongs and undesigned severity. During the last three years of the war, the chief distributing prison for Confederate soldiers captured from Bragg's and other Western armies this side the Mississippi—and for other military prisoners—was

THE NASHVILLE PENITENTIARY

as it stands to-day but little changed from that date.

Tens of thousands of these unfortunates stopped there, and in the Nashville hospitals, from a day to several months, according to their condition, while in transit to the more permanent prison-barracks on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie; Rock Island, Illinois, or the Mississippi River; Camp Chase, at Columbus, Ohio, and Camp Morton, at Indianapolis.

It fell to the lot of the undersigned—disabled by a wound, on Missionary Ridge—to spend six weeks in the Nashville hospitals and prison, and more than two months at Camp Chase, from December, '63, to the end of March, '64, when it was his good fortune to escape, and after two months of wanderings in the Northern States and Canada, and on the Atlantic, to return safely to his command at Atlanta.

At this time a Major Horner commanded at Nashville Penitentiary, and Colonel Richardson, Lieutenant-Colonel Webber, and their Adjutant-General, Captain Lamb, were in charge of Camp Chase.

In the Nashville state's prison, prisoners of war were not mixed with the convicts, but occupied the long front building and its yard, the latter surrounded by a high brick wall, a few court-martialed Federals being confined with us. Through the iron grating of our back windows we saw daily the striped convicts, as their doleful processions marched to and from their cells. Here we were made passably comfortable for soldiers, sleeping in our blankets, as thickly strewn on the floor as men could lie, and keeping good fires in all the fire-places.

Here prisoners were not as thoroughly searched, nor deprived of their money and knives, as they were at the permanent prisons. For roll-calls we were drawn up in line in the yard or the long halls, according to weather, and there were distributed our uniform rations of wheat or corn bread and boiled beef or pickled pork, with coffee. Where we remained long enough to form messes, these messes were allowed to occupy the smaller rooms, where they made their own coffee, and were sometimes permitted to boil their own meat, potatoes, and beans. The kind ladies of Nashville were allowed by Major Horner to furnish the Christmas and New Year's dinners, which naturally made a deep impression on the "poor corn-feds," as our men were frequently dubbed. Indeed we found little cause to complain of our commandant's treatment or management here, for it was uniformly humane and considerate during our six weeks' experience. Yet the prison regulations were rigid and rigidly enforced. But what was known as the "Rebel Hospital," in the old Cherry Street Baptist Church, was dreaded by all Confederate prisoners for its general discomforts and the frequent roughness of the men detailed as nurses. Having to spend a week there, I one day saw a burly, surly nurse almost shake the life out of a weak, emaciated prisoner, who scarcely had strength to stand, when he rose from his rough bed. Such scenes of heartless cruelty were not unusual there.

Colonel Hawkins, our soldier-poet above mentioned, commander of Hawkins' Scouts, then operating in Middle Tennessee, became our fellow-prisoner at Nashville. So did General Robert B. Vance, of North Carolina, brother of Governor, now Senator Vance, and who for ten years past has been a member of the House of Representatives, and is now Assistant Commissioner of Patents. We were afterward associated in the same mess at Camp Chase. Never can we forget the ride which some of our party had in open, filthy cattle cars, toward the end of January, from Nashville to Louisville.

AT CAMP CHASE

our regular prison-life began, and did not end for most of our number till after the close of the war. Here officers and enlisted men were kept in different barracks within separate inclosures. Our quarters consisted of two long rows of one-story board shanties, some twenty yards apart, surrounded with a close board

fence fourteen feet high, with a plank walk outside and near the top for sentries, and leaving a space thirty or forty yards wide around the barracks. Within these limits, between three hundred and four hundred officers of all ranks, up to a Brigadier-General, were confined. We were divided into messes of ten to twenty-five, according to the sizes of our rooms, which varied from twelve by twelve to twelve by twenty feet. Each room was furnished with a cooking stove and utensils—the only source of heat—rough pine table and benches, and sometimes “barrel-chairs,” the latter luxury manufactured, two easy-back chairs from each barrel, by some of our number. The bunks, of undressed stuff, were attached to the walls, in two or three tiers, and each wide enough for two or three men. The only bedding in each was four to eight blankets, part of them furnished by the prison quartermaster. Our table furniture consisted of tin plates, pans, cups, and coffee-pots, a knife and fork apiece, and wooden spoons of our own make. Wood and rations were placed for us just outside the prison gate. Details from our number, under guard, brought them in, and our messes cut their own wood and did their own cooking by detail, except that loaf-bread was furnished alternately with flour and meal. Frequently, when our details went outside for supplies, they were greeted by rough women, who we supposed were the wives of some of our guard, with the thrilling words of the song:

“We’ll hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree—
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.”

We always questioned the propriety of this, reminding them that they must catch him first, little imagining that when they did catch the gallant old gentleman they would fail to carry out this universal threat.

Our indoor amusements consisted of games, among which cards, chess, and checkers predominated, according to taste, most of the boards and men being of prison manufacture. Much time was spent in reading such books as we could buy, or as some were so fortunate as to receive from outside friends. In the open air, within the narrow bounds of our inclosure, walking, running, jumping, and occasionally the good game of our younger days, “fox and geese,” gave enough exercise to keep the blood from stagnating in our close confinement. Such was the prison-home of many who had been reared in the lap of luxury. Our communication with the outside world was as lim-

ited as possible. We were rarely permitted to see a daily paper. The roll of each mess was called once daily, at 8 A. M., by a sergeant, superintended by the Provost Marshal, a lieutenant. Our only regular visitors were these officers with the prison surgeon, about the same hour, and the postmaster, Tiffany, or “Old Tiff,” as he was familiarly known, who delivered and received letters each afternoon. Once or twice a week the Colonel commanding with a subordinate, and occasionally some guests of theirs, would walk about the grounds and visit some of the messes. Their usual bearing toward us was gentlemanly, a few exceptions occurring occasionally on the part of some inferior official, “vested with a little brief authority.” The fewest possible privileges were allowed us for the first month, before Colonel Richardson was placed in command. We were permitted to buy nothing from the sutler but writing material, stamps, and tobacco. We could neither buy nor receive from friends any clothing but the very coarsest. Indeed, the commandant at that time was honest enough to inform us, that the policy of his government was to let us “rebels go home as ragged as possible.” This extreme severity was designed to be retaliatory from false statements about the harsh treatment of Federal prisoners by our authorities, and this period formed the dark days, or the “reign of terror,” for Confederate prisoners. But at last, either from remonstrance by the Richmond government or because convinced that reports of harsh treatment of their prisoners by Confederates were exaggerated, their policy changed. For the last few weeks, under the new *régime*, our condition was much improved.

We were placed in better quarters, and “free trade with the sutler” was declared, excluding little but ardent spirits and boots. Good clothing, books, and delicacies began to flow into our prison in comparative abundance, but no boots could we get. More letters began to come in, that cheered a dreary prison-life no little. Many were from numerous “cousins,” “aunts,” and “sisters,” in Kentucky, Ohio, and adjoining States, of whom we had never heard before, asking after our welfare, and offering contributions to our comfort. We were not slow to catch the idea, and replied as affectionately as our newly-found kinswomen wrote. By such unexpected correspondence, many substantial comforts entered our prison doors, and many were the blessings that went out from grateful hearts to the benevolent donors, whose

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All lights in our mess-rooms were ordered to be put out at the usual 9 o'clock "taps." On one occasion a light in one of the rooms was left burning a few minutes after "taps." Merely calling once, "Put out that light," a guard on the walls sent a ball whizzing through the thin partitions of the room. It passed near several occupants, but fortunately struck no one. You may well suppose all lights, even the glimmer from our stoves, were put out promptly after that.

Smallpox broke out in our prison, and in one instance a case was allowed to remain in one of our mess-rooms until it became confluent, thus endangering many lives. Harsher incidents still might be told of the sufferings of our enlisted men, and some of the prison experience at Camp Morton, but we were not personally cognizant of those as we were of the above cases.

While at Camp Chase we learned in various ways how some of our fellow-prisoners at Camp Morton were killed—wantonly as we thought—while attempting to escape by tunnels which they had made from within their prison inclosure. Possibly these statements were made to check us in similar efforts for escape, as the planning and constructing of tunnels, carried on with the greatest secrecy, was a popular enterprise for several months in Camp Chase, after all hopes of an early exchange were destroyed. We learned and had reasons to believe that when it was known by those in command at Camp Morton that such a tunnel would come out at a certain point beyond the walls, the guards had orders to shoot any prisoners who made their exit there, and that some were so shot without any other attempt to secure them. For the correctness of this statement we must rely on men then confined at Camp Morton to corroborate or deny it. Certain it is that

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apart where they unite. The broad part of each "strap" was heated and bent, and then sharpened like a hoe on the broad edge. Each "strap" was fastened with the screws taken from the hinge to a small wooden handle, less than a foot long. This made a convenient and effective hoe for such work, "in close quarters," as the men did who formed the working-force in their unique mining. The dirt removed from the tunnels was put in large "pockets" concealed in the clothing of the workers. When these pockets were filled they were emptied into the common "sink," within the prison walls, to which prisoners were allowed access at all hours of the night.

Our "sappers and miners" found this work warmer than one might suppose on those winter nights in Ohio; for they were working in narrow tunnels under ground, and they were buoyed up by the exciting hope of escape. Your readers would be astonished if informed of the amount of work accomplished by these simple contrivances of our Southern soldiers.

In addition to

PRISON PASTIMES,

already mentioned in connection with our irksome life at Camp Chase, moot courts were established in our new and more roomy quarters. They were conducted by the lawyers among us, and afforded infinite amusement. We had frequent religious exercises, in which a general interest was taken, Bible classes and an occasional sermon on Sunday from several ministers in our number, besides prayer-meetings during the week. During the last few weeks of our stay, a weekly paper was started. It was made up entirely of original contributions by prisoners, and was neatly written by our best pensmen. The title was "*The Rebel 64-Pounder, or Camp Chase Ventilator*," and Colonel Hawkins was its editor-in-chief. Among its most noted contributors was Major Lamar Fontaine, a prison comrade, and the reputed author of "All Quiet Along the Potomac." He certainly wrote some excellent verses for our prison columns, and though a difference of opinion existed among his prison mates about his claim to the celebrated verses here mentioned, he assured us he composed them, and he was generally believed to be their author. He became very skillful in shooting our huge prison rats with a bow and arrow, and he spent so much time in this amusement that he was charged with eating them. Among other things, we had a mock political contest

for "Governor of Camp Chase," with General Vance and Colonel Hawkins as opposing candidates, and, after a spirited contest, the latter was chosen by a small majority. Stump-speaking and all the schemes of politics were mimicked, our prison officers not interfering with the fun. But when Colonel Hawkins published the following stirring verses in the "*64-Pounder*," which had been written by him in January, '64, while in the Louisville prison, they led to a threat that our journal would be suppressed, if it contained any more such "rebel sentiments":

THE TRIPLE-BARRED BANNER.

I.

O Triple-barred Banner! the badge of the free!
What coward would falter in duty to thee!
O Southerners, onward, till honors be won,
And our eagles in pride greet the gleam of the sun.
The daughters of Southland are kneeling in prayer,
That thy folds ever triumph in the battle's fierce glare.
Then a welcome to suffering, to praisings, and scars,
And Freedom's dear smile to the "Stars and the Bars."

II.

O Triple-barred Banner! the dread of the foe!
When thou art advancing, his might is struck low.
No stripes now degrade thee, no symbols of shame;
All pure are thy lusters, all peerless thy fame.
We weep not nor faint, as the sad hours roll;
They may shackle the body, they can not the soul.
Then a welcome to troubles, and battles, and scars,
And Freedom's bright crown to the "Stars and the Bars!"

III.

O Triple-barred Banner! Our joy and our pride!
Though scorned by invaders, by tyrant decried,
Fling forth all thy proud folds to shore and to sea,
For the heart of the Southland is beating for thee;
And our brothers are arming with nerve and with will.
To strike till the Northman is humbled and still.
Then a welcome to woundings, and prisons, and scars,
And Freedom's sweet smile to the "Stars and the Bars."

But no verses from the graceful pen of Colonel Hawkins were more generally admired by his fellow-prisoners than the following more elaborate ones, which he wrote at Camp Chase, in February, 1864. They voiced the thoughts of many a brave heart that was languishing in those prison walls. Their especial occasion was the death of one of our fellow-prisoners:

BEHIND THE BARS.

I.

Though I rest within a prison
And long miles between us be,
Yet through bonds and weary distance,
Sweet, my soul goes out to thee;
Seeks thy presence at the dawning,
In the tender twilight hour,

Through and through the darkness,
In the sunshine and the shower;
Whether on my narrow cot,
Or pacing sadly in my cell,
With a slow and measured footstep,
Like my watching sentinel—
But I am not here. My spirit
Has flown on wings of light,
With its wild and eager yearnings
It seeks thee, love, to-night.

II.

Now again I sit and clasp thee,
Thy head upon my breast,
The dear accustomed place where it
Of old was wont to rest;
And I feel thy heart's low throbbing
As I hold it close to mine,
And look down into thine eyes,
Where the loving glances shine,
On the veined lids that shadow
Those deep and tender eyes,
Pressing kisses pure and holy,
In whose warmth the ardor lies
That we felt in by-gone hours
When as lovers, fond and young,
We walked and seemed to listen
To the songs by angels sung.

III.

Then gently sighing by us went
The freighted evening breeze,
As whispering blessing for us
To the tall and stately trees;
Then we paused, and in the stillness
With love each other crowned,
And thou wert dearer then as now
Than aught in earth's wide round;
I pledged to heaven that nothing
Us twain could ever part,
And then with garlands hailed you
As queen of all my heart,
And we vowed to go together
Through the shocks and storms of life,
I'd be thy faithful husband,
And you the tender wife.

IV.

Now my spirit fleeth southward
To the little lonely grave
That holds the dearest treasure
E'er to Mother Earth we gave.
O flowers of spring, with beauty
Crown my little darling's tomb!
And for my sake breathe o'er her
Your balmiest perfume.
For still I hear the music
Of her sweet and childish voice:
That voice now swells the chorus,
Where the seraphim rejoice,
But its lingering tones are with me,
And they lead and lure me on
To where some day I'll find her,
Beside the great White Throne.

V.

And I visit then my mother,
Kneeling low in fervent prayer—
The prayer that every day goes up
For me to heaven there;
And I see my little brother
In his innocent repose—

God spare him all the sorrow
This weary spirit knows!
As her time approaches slowly
May he be her pride and joy,
For we love him, O, so truly,
Our gentle brother boy.
And may she also know,
That mother dear of mine,
I cling to her in fondness,
Like a tendril to the vine.

VI.

After this in haste I visit
Where the patriot armies sleep,
With hope to them that falter
And joy to them that weep;
To tell the touching story
Of our faith behind the bars,
Of the beating love we ever feel
For the flag with Southern stars;
And to say to all our comrades,
Still wage your fight sublime,
For fast our car of triumph comes
Along the grooves of Time;
For God and right still proudly form
Your tried and fearless band,
And freedom's glorious crown shall yet
Bedeck our native land.

VII.

Now past the height and river,
By upland and the plain,
I am coming, dear one, coming
To seek thee once again;
And I find thee sleeping calmly,
With my baby on your breast,
And once again my blessing
On the lips of both is pressed.
You smile as in your dreaming
I whisper soft and low,
And I sigh and sigh so sadly,
For I am loath to go:
But the captive's weary body
Will need his weary soul,
To be back and answer for him
At the calling of the roll.

VIII.

Back to hours of sadness,
And the dreariness forlorn,
Where the stars are gone from night
And the glory from the morn,
Where Captivity is breathing
Her poison every where,
And the grave is always yawning
To claim its gloomy share.
Oh! Death in Life! Oh! Life in Death!
The victims thou hast won!
The pale-faced captive, free at last,
In the land beyond the sun.
Dear God! to Thee I look and pray!
O aid and strengthen me,
Till I and all my brothers,
And our country too is free!

We shall give here only one more of Colonel
Hawkins' best songs, which was also first pub-
lished in our prison paper. It met with a hearty
response and approval by prisoners and prison
authorities alike, as it referred beautifully and

prophetically to the final flag of truce that was destined, but little more than a year later, to end the gigantic struggle, in the grave misfortunes of which so many of us were then bearing our share:

THE BONNIE WHITE FLAG;

OR, THE PRISONERS' INVOCATION TO PEACE.

Though we're a band of prisoners,
Let each be firm and true,
For noble souls and hearts of oak
The foe can ne'er subdue.
We then will turn us homeward,
To those we love so dear;
For peace and happiness, my boys,
O give a hearty cheer!

Cho: Hurrah! hurrah! for peace
And home, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie White Flag,
That ends this cruel war!

The sword into the scabbard,
The musket on the wall,
The cannon from its blazing throat
No more shall hurl the ball;
From wives and babes and sweethearts
No longer will we roam,
For every gallant soldier-boy
Shall seek his cherished home. (*Cho.*)

Our battle banners furled away,
No more shall greet the eye,
Nor beat of angry drums be heard,
Nor bugle's hostile cry,
The blade no more be raised aloft
In conflict fierce and wild,
The bomb shall roll across the sward,
The plaything of a child. (*Cho.*)

No pale-faced captive then shall stand
Behind his rusted bars,
Nor from the prison window bleak
Look sadly to the stars;
But out amid the woodland's green,
On bounding steed he'll be,
And proudly from his heart shall rise
The anthem of the free. (*Cho.*)

The plow into the furrow then,
The fields shall wave with grain,
And smiling children to their schools
All gladly go again,
The church invite its grateful throng,
And man's rude striving cease,
While all across our noble land
Shall glow the light of Peace. (*Cho.*)

As there were many fine singers among us these thrilling words to the popular air, "The Bonnie Blue Flag," were sung with a zest in our messes when they were in a musical mood. Indeed, many an hour, otherwise most weary, was whiled away by singing.

With your permission I shall close this reference to prison-poetry with the words of two favorite songs of the war, "Hard Times," and "Prayer of the Martyred Patriot," authors unknown to me. Not having seen them in print since the war, I think likely that few of your readers are familiar with them, and I hope they may prove acceptable in this war record:

HARD TIMES.

Let us pause in life's pleasures,
And count its many cares,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
'Tis a song that will linger
Forever in our ears:
O Hard Times! Come again no more!

Cho: 'Tis a song, a sigh of the weary,
Hard Times, Hard Times,
Come again no more;
Many days you have lingered
Around our cabin door:
O Hard Times! Come again no more!

While we all seek mirth and beauty
And music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent,
Their pleading looks will say,
O Hard Times! Come again no more!

There's a pale, drooping maiden
Who has toiled her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er,
Although she would be merry,
She's sighing all the day,
O Hard Times! Come again no more!

'Tis a wail that is wafted
Across the ocean wave,
'Tis a sound that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured
Around the lonely grave:
O Hard Times! Come again no more!

Whether these songs, with their equally stirring and pathetic airs, have been lately issued by any of our music firms, I do not know; but, if they have not, it would probably pay well to republish them.

The air to the noble words with which I now close this sketch is a chant, not unlike the charming "*Ave Sanctissima*," or "Song to the Virgin," and is perhaps even more beautiful and impressive when well rendered:

PRAYER OF THE MARTYRED PATRIOT.

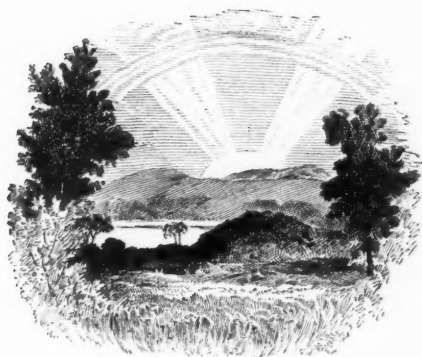
Father, I bend to Thee!
Life was thy gift, and Thou canst shield it;
But here, mid the flame and smoke, to Thee I yield it.
In life or death forsake not me;
Father! I bend, I bend to Thee!

Most High, I bow to Thee!
On the battle's plain death did surround me,
But e'en at the cannon's mouth death has not found me.
In light or gloom, be Thou with me;
Father! In faith, I bow to Thee!

O King of Kings! I call to Thee!
Though showers of shot and shell are falling,
In the roar and strife my love to Thee is calling,
In woe, in weal, O smile on me!
Father! In hope, I call to Thee!

O Bleeding Love! I pray to Thee!
Though torn on the field I here am lying,
On Thy staff I lean, as now I'm dying.
In earth or heaven, Lord, own Thou me!
Father! In love I come to Thee!

James W. A. Wright.



THE GATES OF DAWN.

I.

Two wings of sunshine slope from earth to heaven,
Each flaming plume tipped with a golden star;
Above an arch of lights, the rainbow seven,
Throws down its blending glories from afar,
Which, shimmering through an opalescent mist,
Hang in soft folds of shadowy amethyst.

II.

Wide through this portal lies a summer land,
With heavy, pulsing sunlight o'er it all,
Where sluggish rivers flow o'er topaz sand,
O'er whose low banks dead poppies swing and fall,
And dully through the quivering, yellow flood,
Red roses gleam like great, dark drops of blood.

III.

All things therein seem by strange silence bound,
No motion in the groups of drooping palm,
Nor breath of air upon the grass, nor sound
From quiet birds, where steeped in this deep calm
The roses hold their passionate, sweet breath,
And tiger lilies hang as still as death.

IV.

And yonder, in the parched grasses sunk,
A tawny, crouching shape, as mute and still
As if with sunshine and the fierce day drunk,
Save for the yellow eyes which, 'gainst their will,
Beat with the wild heats of unfed desire,
Like two great globes of golden, liquid fire.



As now the open gates of light reveal the land beyond.

V.

And 'midst it all a woman standing there,
 The sun's deep splendor in her amber eyes,
 The golden summer glowing in her hair
 And on her throat, where one full red rose lies;
 And all the silences in that still place,
 But foil the stillness in her pallid face.

VI.

More still than face that held death's own white seal,
 And stiller than the grave's dark quietude,
 As now the open gates of light reveal
 The land beyond; if she may but elude
 Those quiet watches with their quiet eyes,
 Whose sun-heats seem subdued 'neath sleepy sighs.

VII.

Beyond, beyond! outside those gates of light,
 If she could reach the loved, remembered place;
 If once again could break upon her sight
 Its dewy slopes, and sweep across her face
 Once more the damps from wind-blown blossom sprays,
 Where sweet-voiced birds sing happy matin lays.

VIII.

Then silently she kneels upon the ground,
 And with quick, fearful glances backward cast,
 She creeps toward the gate—still all around
 All things keep silence while she shudders past;
 So still, while slowly, slowly, on she creeps,
 So still, it seems the crouching tiger sleeps.

IX.

Nearer and nearer toward the open gate—
 But what is that? A shadow? Ah! it stirs,
 'Tis coming toward her! is it then too late?
 Have all things motion through this act of hers?
 Are those the palm leaves waving in the wind?
 Is that the tiger crawling there behind?

X.

That fearful, fearful shadow, broad and black;
 Haste, haste! the wind is rising, and the sky
 Grows dark, the rivers moan and cross her track,
 The great birds circle low and shriek and cry;
 But still beyond, clear to her eager view,
 The Land of Dawn, sweet with its own faint dew.

XI.

One step, one little step and it is won;
 Ah! cruel shadow, for one moment stay!
 The red rose burns all fiercely in the sun
 Upon the gleaming throat, white as the day;
 That rose on which the yellow eyes now glut,
 Oh God, one moment!—but the gates swing shut.

H. C. Wright.



THE VIRGINIA CAVALIERS.



BREWOD CHURCH, STAFFORDSHIRE.*

THE names of Lee and Washington have a personal as well as a political association through the marriage of General Robert Lee with the heiress of Mrs. Washington. By this means "Arlington" came into the Lee family.

Two brothers, John and Lawrence Washington, who came from South Cave, Yorkshire, to Virginia about the year 1657, were the founders of the Virginia family of this name. In 1655 an attempt at a general insurrection among the cavalier party in England drew down upon them the vengeance of the Government, and many of them taking refuge in Virginia, it is presumed that these Washington brothers were among their number. In 1791, when General Washington had made the name famous, an English antiquary, Sir Isaac Heard, sought to discover something about the ancestry of the great Virginian, and he made out a conjectural pedigree which he submitted to General Washington, and received from him an interesting letter on the subject, though it contained nothing definite as to his English antecedents. This

pedigree of Heard's has been accepted by all the biographers of Washington, and only within recent years, when more attention has been given to these questions, has there been serious reason found to doubt its probability. Colonel Chester's monograph on Washington's pedigree leaves it now an open question whether he was of the same lineage as the old English family, the Washingtons of Sulgrave.

These Washingtons trace their descent to the De Wessyngtons of Durham, whose Norman progenitor, William de Hertburn, came to England in 1183. In the sixteenth century, Lawrence Washington, son of John Washington, of Warton, Lancashire, received the grant of the manor of "Sulgrave," in Northamptonshire, which remained in the family until 1620. In the civil wars the Washingtons gave gallant soldiers to the cavalier side. One of them, Lieutenant-Colonel James Washington, lost his life at the siege of Pontefract Castle; and a son of Sir William Washington, of "Packington," Kent, whose wife was a sister of George Vil-

*Brewood Church is on very high ground, and is a fine example of Gothic architecture (early English). It was repaired in 1727, when an oak screen, which divided the chancel from the nave, and some stalls were taken down and lost.

liers, Duke of Buckingham, served under Prince Rupert, and was in command of Worcester in 1646. The marriage of Sir William Washington with the sister of the powerful court favorite did much to advance the interests of the family, who were then poor, though of such old standing.

Thomas Washington, a brother of Sir William, accompanied Buckingham and "Prince Charlie" in the romantic visit to Spain in quest of the Infanta. Two other brothers, John and Lawrence Washington, who were living in Northamptonshire in 1618, were supposed to be the same persons as the John and Lawrence Washington who came, in 1657, to Virginia. And the coincidence in the baptismal names is certainly a little singular. Lawrence was the name of the father of these "Sulgrave" brothers, and, as we have seen, was that of an earlier progenitor.

Colonel John Washington, the great-grandfather of George Washington, was married when he came to Virginia, as he states in his will, but, losing his wife, he married a second time, a Miss Anne Pope. He became a large landholder in Westmoreland, and represented this county in the assembly. As lieutenant-colonel of militia, he led the Virginia forces, at one time, in co-operation with those of Maryland, against the Seneca Indians, and his name occurs as prominent in Indian affairs about the time of Bacon's Rebellion. The esteem in which he was held by the community is evidenced by the fact that the parish in which he lived was named after him. Augustine Washington, the grandson of Colonel John Washington, also married twice, and a son, by the first wife, made that alliance with the Fairfax family that had such an influence on the early fortunes of George Washington and brought him into such close relations of friendship with some of its members. Mary Ball, the mother of Washington, was the granddaughter of Colonel William Ball, who came to Virginia during the period of the cavalier emigration. The Balls were of an old family in Cheshire, England. One of the grandsons of Colonel William Ball married into the Lee family, and a half-sister of Mary Ball married Raleigh Travers.

Closely associated as friends, as neighbors, and as co-workers in the Revolutionary crisis are the names of George Washington and George Mason. The author of the "Bill of Rights" and the "Constitution of Virginia," the first instruments of this character that

came into being in the new world, holds a conspicuous place among the legislators of an epoch-making generation. The first of the family who came to Virginia, who was also called George—and this baptismal name may be found in the family in an unbroken line to the present day—was one of the Royalists who fought at Worcester.

Colonel George Mason, according to the tradition transmitted to his descendants, commanded a troop of horse in the army of Charles II, and, like his royal master and others after the fatal route, was concealed by peasants until he could make his escape beyond the seas. He was living in Staffordshire, where he owned large estates, though the family were from Warwickshire, and some of the name were still living there ten or twelve years ago. The church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford-upon-Avon contains various memorial tablets to members of the Mason family, and the Latin inscription on one of these indicates that the family was to be traced to Worcestershire. Colonel George Mason, the cavalier, doubtless had an inherited interest in the Virginia colony, for it was, in all probability, his father who was the George Mason of the London Company. With Colonel Mason there came to Virginia another cavalier officer, Colonel Mason's neighbor and kinsman, Colonel Gerard Fowke. Gerard Fowke was the sixth son of Roger Fowke, of "Brewwood Hall and Gunston," in Staffordshire. The Fowkes were of an ancient family in this county, and traced their descent to the Foulques of the House of Anjou, in France.

The senior branch in England was knighted in Palestine for heroic deeds in the crusades. The name is found in the reign of Henry VI, among the gentry of Stafford; and in the reign of Elizabeth there was a Roger Fowke de Brewwood, who received some of the confiscated estates of Lord Paget. In the list of gentry who compounded for their estates under the Commonwealth, there were two Gerard Fowkes, one of these being of Batchaker, Staffordshire, showing the royalist sympathies of the family. The Gerard Fowke who came to Virginia held the office of Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I, an office hereditary in the family. Sir Frederick Augustus Fowke, of "Lovesby Hall," Leicestershire, held this office in 1854. In Brewwood Church, at the little town of this name, which according to Murray is pronounced Broode, are to be found various monuments to the Fowke family. A view of the old church is given in one of the

numbers of *"The Gentleman's Magazine."* And "Brewood Hall" itself is still in existence, though the name of Fowke is extinct in Staffordshire.

Both Colonel Mason and Colonel Fowke settled in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and the latter was also, at one time, apparently living in Jamestown, as we find him appointed on the committee, with Sir William Berkeley and others, to superintend the building of the State House there in 1660. He, however, represented Westmoreland in the assembly two years later.



GEORGE MASON.

Colonel Fowke was identified afterward with King George County (a part of Westmoreland) as it is now called, where he owned a large tract of land. He was one of Virginia's prominent colonists at all times, and as Commander of the Northern Neck of Virginia was associated again with his old comrade, George Mason. Colonel Mason's son, also named George Mason, married his cousin Mary, daughter of Gerard Fowke, thus bringing the two families into still closer connection. And George Mason

of the Revolutionary era, a descendant of this marriage, the fifth of the name and line in Virginia, called his place "Gunston Hall," after the old Fowke homestead in England, "Gunston," with "Lexington," the latter still owned by one of the family, forms part of the original estate on Mason's Neck, in Westmoreland, now Fairfax County. Colonel Fowke left a son, Gerard, whose descendants are numerous, though the name itself is not to be met with among them. Some of the family still lived on part of the original estate in 1860.

To return to Colonel Mason, we find, in an interesting pamphlet that has come down to us, giving an eye-witness's account of Bacon's Rebellion, that to Colonel Mason may be ascribed in a measure the initiation of the Indian war which ended in the struggle between Bacon and Berkeley. And in this connection an anecdote is given, showing that the belief in witchcraft as well as in miracles was to be found among these seventeenth-century Virginians. The Indian tribe of the Doegs had been committing depredations among the planters of their vicinity, and Colonel Mason, who commanded the regiment of infantry, and Captain Brent the troop of horse, composing the

militia of Stafford County, went out in search of the enemy. They pursued the Indians into Maryland and killed many of them, Captain Brent taking prisoner the son of their chief, a boy of eight. But it was discovered that some of these Indians belonged to a friendly tribe, then, says the chronicle: "Colonel Mason ran amongst his men, crying out, for the Lord's sake, shoot no more, these are our friends, the Susquehanoughs'. This unhappy scene ended, Colonel Mason took the King of the Doegs'

son home with him, who lay ten days in bed as one dead, with eyes and mouth shut, no breath discovered, but his body continuing warm, they believed him yet alive; the aforementioned Captain Brent (a papist) coming thither on a visit, and seeing his little prisoner thus languishing, said perhaps he is *perceaved*, that is, bewitched, and that he had heard baptism was an effectual remedy against witchcraft, wherefore advised to baptise him. Colonel Mason answered, No minister could be had in many miles; Brent replied, 'Yo'r clerk, Mr. Dobson, may do that office,' which was done by the Church of England liturgy, Colonel Mason with Captain Brent godfathers and Mrs. Mason godmother, my overseer, Mr. Pimet being present from whom I had first heard it, and which all the other persons (afterward) affirmed to me. The four men returned to drinking punch, but Mrs. Mason staying and looking on the child, it opened the eyes, and breathed, whereat she ran for a cordial, which he took from a spoon, gasping for more, and so (by degrees) recovered, though before his baptism they had oftener tried the same means, but could not by no endeavors wrench open his teeth." The writer of this tract, whose initials "T. M.," give little clew to his identity, was, with Colonel Mason, elected to the assembly from Stafford County, in the eventful year of the Rebellion, and of the stormy scenes in the Burgesses he gives a graphic description. His sympathies, with those of his colleague, were evidently on the popular side. Stafford County, which was carved out of Westmoreland, is said to have been named by Colonel Mason after his native shire in England. And from 1676 down to 1776, there had seldom been wanting a George Mason to represent Stafford in the colonial assemblies. Two brothers at the Revolutionary era shared the family honors, Thomson Mason, though less known out of the State than the "Sage of Gunston," having a reputation for legal learning unequalled at the Virginia bar. He was one of the five judges of the general court elected on the organization of the new government. He was also the author of some bold political letters in the perilous days just before the separation of the colonies from the mother country, and was one of the patriots to sign the Westmoreland Resolutions against the Stamp Act. For some time Thomson Mason represented Stafford County in the assembly, while George Mason was the member from Fairfax. Their descendants continued to keep the name

conspicuous; a son and grandson of Thomson Mason representing Virginia in the early senates of the United States, where a descendant of George Mason was to be found also in later and less fortunate years. This latter senator was the Honorable James M. Mason, who afterward held a place of trust under the Confederate Government as its representative in England. The Mason family of Virginia also gave to two far distant States—the States of Michigan and California—their first governors.

Among the most prominent of the king's men who came over to the loyal colony at the time of the Commonwealth and associated with Sir Henry Chicheley as a resident of the same county of Middlesex, was Sir Grey Skipwith, of "Prestwold," Leicestershire. The Skipwith's were of a very ancient family, the first of the race in England, Robert de Estouteville, Baron of Cottingham, coming over with William the Conqueror. Tradition says that this Estouteville traced his descent to one of the kings of Hungary, who, becoming a Christian, was driven from his dominions and took refuge in Normandy, where he built a town, calling his possessions *Est-toute-ville*, either because of the towns given up for the faith in Hungary, or because of those acquired in Normandy. From the two sons of Robert de Estouteville sprang the two families, the French D'Estoutevilles (one of whom married, in 1534, Francis de Bourbon of the royal house of France), and the English Estoutevilles. A grandson of Robert de Estouteville, Patrick, the younger son of his father, received the lordship of Skipwith in Yorkshire, and his descendants bore this name. Sir William de Skipwith, a great-grandson of this Patrick, was the last of the family to reside at Skipwith. He became, by his marriage, possessed of large estates in Lincolnshire, where his posterity lived. In the fourteenth century another Sir William Skipwith, fourth in descent from the one above mentioned, distinguished himself and illustrated the family name by his legal learning and his uprightness on the bench. Fuller lauds his integrity and independence in resisting an arbitrary act of Richard II.

At Ormsby, in Lincolnshire, the Skipwith family flourished for generations, and up to the time of Elizabeth there was scarcely a period when one of them did not hold the sheriff's office in this shire. Sir Thomas Skipwith, a grandson of the righteous judge, became eminent as a soldier in the French wars of the fif-

teenth century. With the third in descent from Sir Thomas, still another Sir William Skipwith, the family divides again into two branches. This Sir William was twice married, and his eldest son, William, was the ancestor of the baronets of Newbold, which baronetcy became extinct in the latter part of the eighteenth century. One of this family fought gallantly for Charles I at Edge Hill. Henry, the son of the second marriage, was the founder of the "Prestwold" family in Leicestershire, where he acquired estates. It was his son who was the poet of the family, and he was sheriff of Leicester in the reign of Elizabeth. His autograph may be found in "*The Gentleman's Magazine*." Fuller says of him: "He was afterward deservedly knighted, being a person of much valor, judgment, learning, and wisdom, dexterous at the making fit and acute epigrams, posies, mottoes, and devices, but chiefly at impresses neither so apparent that every rustic might understand them, nor so obscure that they needed an *Œdipus* to interpret them." Some of his verses were good enough, apparently, to be attributed to Shakespeare. And a beautiful epitaph was devoted to his memory by Sir John Beaumont:

"To frame a man who in those gifts excels,
Which makes the country happy where he dwells,
We first conceive what names his line adorn,
It kindles virtue to be nobly born.
This picture of true gentry must be graced
With glittering jewels round about him placed;
A comely body and a beauteous mind,
A heart to love, a hand to give inclin'd;
A house as free and open as the air,
A tongue which joys in language meet and fair,
Yet can when need requires, with courage bold,
To public ears, his neighbors' griefs unfold.
All these we never more shall find in one,
And yet all these are 'closed within this stone.'"

Sir Henry Skipwith, a son of the Elizabethan poet, wrote verses also, among other things an elegy on Charles I, of whom he was a devoted adherent. He entertained Charles at his estate of "Cotes" in Prestwold. He was the last of his family to reside there, as his fortune was so impaired by sequestration he was forced to sell "Cotes" in 1653. It was his son who came to Virginia, naming his lands in Middlesex "Prestwold," after the Leicestershire home in England. The family remained in Middlesex, and were prominent in the county as influential planters and liberal patrons of the church. The name is also found later in Petersburg, on colonial vestries, which were bodies of much importance and authority. After four generations of the family had passed

away in Virginia, the heir to the baronetcy, Sir Grey Skipwith, returned to England, sitting in Parliament for Warwick in 1831-34. He left a younger brother in Virginia, whose son, Fulwar Skipwith, still lives at "Prestwold," in the county of Mecklenburg, the fine old colonial mansion of his ancestors. And the name and lineage of the Skipwiths is also to be found in various other parts of Virginia and in Maryland. The present English baronet, Sir Peyton Estoteville Skipwith, the grandson of Sir Grey, is now the last representative in England of the family of Estoteville, which at several times embraced the barons of "Cottenham," the barons of "Gressing Hall," and the baronets of "Newbold," all now extinct.

Connected by marriage with the Skipwiths is the Randolph family of Virginia, which also boasts a poet among its members. One of the favorites and boon companions of Ben Jonson, and enrolled with Cartwright and others in that younger company of poets whom he denominated his sons-in-the-muses, was Thomas Randolph, of Houghton or Badby, in Northamptonshire. Swinburne, in a recently published utterance, says of a certain little known poet of this period, that he "divided with Randolph the best part of Jonson's mantle." Thomas Randolph was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the wealthiest foundations of this university. So it is presumed that the narrow circumstances to which he seems to have been reduced were owing to his habits. Unfortunately, his worship of Apollo and his train was rivaled by his worship of Bacchus, and he died prematurely in his twenty-ninth year, with a reputation for learning, wit, and fancy that made his loss to be the more regretted. His poems were published by his brother after his decease, and perhaps, had he edited them himself, they would have been pruned of their more objectionable features. "The Muses," says Fuller, "may seem not only to have smiled, but to have been tickled at his nativity, such the festivity of his poems of all sorts." Dying at the house of his friend Anthony Stafford, in Staffordshire, to whom he has dedicated an ode, he was buried with the Staffords; and another friend, Lord Hatton, erected a monument to his memory. His poems, with their quaint-sounding titles, "The Muses' Looking-Glass," "Amyntas," etc., consisted of odes, elegies, and other lyrics, with a few dramas of less poetic merit. The "Elegy on Lady Venetia Digby," contains an original conceit expressed in some fine lines. And the

following pleasing verses will give an idea of his lighter moods. Comparing his mistress to the seasons, the poet says:

"Thou art my all: the spring remains
In the fair violets of thy veins;
And that it is a summer's day,
Ripe cherries in thy lips display;
And when for autumn I would seek,
'Tis in the apples of thy cheek.
But that which only moves my smart,
Is to see winter in thy heart."

Of the same family with Thomas Randolph, the poet, was the grave and accomplished Sir Thomas Randolph, of Queen Elizabeth's court, that "grand statesman and ambassador," as Fuller styles him. Sir Thomas Randolph was born in Kent County, where the name is found among the gentry in the previous century, spelled Randolph. Sir Thomas was Elizabeth's ambassador successively to France, Russia, and Scotland. His letters have been published and an account of his embassy to Russia, then a sort of *terra incognita*. In the days of the civil war the Randolph family took the king's side, and one of them, William Randolph, a nephew of the poet, came to Virginia at this period. This William Randolph, the progenitor of the Virginia Randolphs, acquired large estates on the James River, and settled them upon his descendants. Turkey Island, Dungeness, Curls, Tuckahoe, Chatsworth, Wilton, Varina, and Breemo were all owned by the sons or grandsons of William Randolph. One of his sons became distinguished in colonial Virginia as Sir John Randolph, speaker of the House of Burgesses, treasurer of the colony, and representative in the assembly of William and Mary College. He was buried in the college chapel at Williamsburg, in 1737, with impressive civic ceremonies, one of the professors pronouncing over him a funeral oration in Latin. The college was represented in the Burgesses later by Beverly Randolph, and the county of Henrico was frequently represented by a Randolph. There were two of the family who were specially distinguished at the time of

the Revolution; these were Peyton and Edmund Randolph. The former, a son of Sir John Randolph, became president of the first Congress, while Edmund Randolph was the first Attorney-General and Secretary of State of the United States. He was also at one time Governor of Virginia. One of the old Randolph estates is described by Aubury, in his *Travels in Virginia*, during the time of the Revolution. This was "Tuckahoe," built on a creek of the same Indian name and commanding a beautiful view of the James River. Like "Stratford," the building was in the form of the letter "H," and had the appearance of two houses joined by a large saloon. The house seemed built in this manner, says this English



EDMUND RANDOLPH.

traveler, solely for purposes of hospitality, for the family resided in one wing, and the other was always occupied by guests. Irving, in his *Life of Washington*, quotes the account given here of the stable built for Colonel Randolph's favorite horse, "Shakespeare," with a recess for the bed of the negro groom, who always slept beside him at night.

Of the not inconsiderable number of those bearing the Randolph name who have been eminent in State or Federal councils since 1776, the most brilliant, perhaps, was John Randolph, of Roanoke, the eccentric and gifted

orator and statesman, the most loyal-hearted of Virginians. He was descended on his mother's side from Pocahontas, through the Bollings—to whom Bolling's Point, on which the city of Petersburg, Virginia, is now located, came as part of the dowry of the Indian princess. The Bollings were of an old family from "Bolling Hall," Yorkshire, which place was owned by Robert Bolling, Esq., in the reign of Edward IV, 1485. Robert Bolling, the first of the name in Virginia, came over in 1660 and married Jane Rolfe, granddaughter of the Lady Pocahontas and her English bridegroom. The name Robert has been continued in the Bolling family of Virginia and in the old parish of Bristol, Peters-



MAJ.-GEN. CHARLES LEE, OF "DARNHALL."^{*}

burg, where the Bollings are still to be found, in every generation there has always been one of them, usually a Robert Bolling, in the vestry. Of the Randolph blood and lineage through his mother was the great American statesman, Thomas Jefferson. The name is worthily represented to-day by the Right Reverend Alfred M. Randolph, a descendant of the eldest son of the founder of the family in Virginia. He

^{*}Elder branch of the Lee family, County Chester. Removed from "Lee" to "Darnhall," in same county, time of Charles L.—*Burke's General Armoury*.

is the latest in the line of the Virginia episcopate to which belonged Bishop Meade, the annalist of Virginia churches and families; and to the English Church, that most precious part of the cavalier inheritance, the posterity of the cavalier as a rule adheres.

Prominent in the London Company, illustrious for learning and oratory, and for single-hearted love of freedom in a somewhat narrow age, stands the name of Sir Dudley Digges, of "Chilham Castle," Kent. He was in Parliament during the reign of James, and in the three earlier Parliaments of Charles, 1625 and 1628, where his record was most honorable, and where he suffered for his boldness, having been committed to the Tower with Sir John Eliot for presenting the articles of impeachment against Buckingham. He had been, previous to his parliamentary career, ambassador to Russia, and was made later Master of the Rolls. He is to be associated with the wits and poets of his time, as well as with its statesmen, having been in his earlier years one of the privileged literary coterie that consorted with Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. And the name of Sir Dudley Digges is found among those who wrote memorial verses in the *Jonsonian Virbius*, collected six months after the death of "Rare Ben." The Diggeses were of an old family in Kent County, and one of them, John Digges, of "Digs' Court," was sheriff of Kent in 1433, while others of the name held this office in later reigns. The grandfather of Sir Dudley Digges, who lived at "Wootton Court," Kent, and died in the reign of Elizabeth, was famous in his day as a mathematician and architect, and he transmitted a taste for learning to his descendants. Thomas Digges, his son, edited some of his father's works, and was eminent also for scientific attainments. A brother of Sir Dudley, as Fuller tells us, was a scholar also, and made translations from Latin and Spanish; while a younger son of this knight, Fellow of All Souls in Oxford, was he, "who in the beginning of our civil wars wrote so subtle and solid a treatise of the difference betwixt King and Parliament, that such Royalists who have since handled that controversy have written *plura non plus*, etc." In Chilham Church, Kent, is a monument to Sir Dudley Digges. And here also in the Digges Chapel is the handsome monument of black and white marble and alabaster, devoted by her husband to Lady Digges. The connection of the Digges family with Virginia was of long standing, and we find a Digges Hundred on the James

River among the earliest settlements. In 1632 Sir Dudley Digges was named, by Charles I, one of the twenty-three persons who formed a council of superintendence over Virginia to examine into its laws and report to His Majesty. Edward Digges, one of his sons, came to Virginia at a later period, and may be counted among the Virginia cavaliers, though such was his moderation and policy, perhaps, he was called to a seat in the council, and was made at length governor of the colony, during the Commonwealth. Ex-royalists, as we know, held places in the council and were among the burgesses; Charles Norwood was at this time clerk of the assembly, and Morrison was its speaker, and probably Edward Digges was of the same way of thinking. Sir William Berkeley, the arch-cavalier, was still in the colony, and, it is surmised, kept up a secret understanding with the disaffected, who were only biding their time, and were to be zealous King's men again at the Restoration.

Edward Digges gave his chief attention, as a colonist, to the cultivation of silk in Virginia. He imported two Armenians into the colony, at his own cost, to teach the art, and was much lauded for his success in producing four hundred pounds of silk. Mulberry Island on the James River, which he partly owned, was doubtless named from the mulberry trees cultivated for the silk-worms. The descendants of Edward Digges were, up to the Revolution and later, large land owners in Warwick County, and on the York River, and the name retained its prominence both socially and politically. It is found frequently among the burgesses of Warwick County. Cole Digges, who died in 1700, named his place near York, "Chilham Castle," after the ancestral seat in England. He was one of the most opulent planters in that portion of Virginia, owning, besides "Chilham Castle," the estates of "Bellfield," on York River, and "Denbigh," in Warwick County. Irving gives as an instance of the wealth and state of the colonial Virginian, the anecdote of a "Mr. Digges who always received Washington in his barge, served by six negroes, arrayed in a kind of uniform of check shirt and black velvet cap." Perhaps this was one of those of the name who distinguished themselves as patriots during the Revolution. Dudley Digges, who was worthy to be called after his celebrated progenitor, was conspicuous at this period as an advocate of free institutions. He was one of the committee appointed by Virginia in 1773 to corre-

spond with the other colonies about their grievances, and was also one of the famous "Committee of Safety" in 1775. Both Dudley and William Digges were members from York in the convention of 1776. Among the old families of Kent, England, that became extinct in the eighteenth century, is that of Digges. Yet the name is still to be found, among others that have died out in their ancestral home, in the Old Dominion.

In the colonial council under Berkeley, and Royal Naval Officer for the James River, was Colonel Miles Cary, of Bristol, England, who had come over to Virginia just a year after Berkeley's arrival. In the London Company of 1620, we find the names of Sir George and Sir Henry Cary, showing the early connection of the family with Virginia. This Sir Henry Cary, afterward Lord Deputy Lieutenant of Ireland, was the first Viscount Falkland. Another Sir Henry Cary, son of Sir George Cary, of Cockington, Devon, took up arms for Charles I, and, on the triumph of the Parliament, was obliged to compound for his estate and pay a heavy fine. In 1651 he was again put under the ban and his estate sequestered once more, so that he was eventually ruined, and Cockington passed out of his hands altogether. Three years later he emigrated with his family to Virginia, but he returned to England at the Restoration, and died there. What became of his children, whether they remained in Virginia or returned with their father is not known. Colonel Miles Cary, who was of the same lineage, settled in Warwick County, Virginia, which he represented at one time in the Burgesses. Here the Carys are associated with the Diggeses as large land owners. One of their estates was called "Richneck," and there was another near the Digges' seat, "Denbigh," where many of the tombs of the family are to be seen. The descendants of Miles Cary are prominent to-day, both in Virginia and Maryland. The Carys gave to the Revolutionary cause an uncompromising patriot in Archibald Cary, of "Amphill," Chesterfield County. He was a member of the Virginia convention of 1776, and conspicuous there for his zeal and abilities. As the owner of a large iron furnace and mills, which were burned down by Tarleton during the war, Archibald Cary came to be called "Old Iron," though the sobriquet had also its personal significance; for he it was who in the spirit of Brutus sent word to Patrick Henry, when there was talk in certain quarters of making him Dictator of Virginia, that "the

day of his appointment should be the day of his death, for he should find his (Cary's) dagger in his heart before the sunset of that day."

Archibald Cary at the time of his death was heir apparent to the barony of Hunsdon in Hertfordshire. The Carys were descended from Adam de Karry, Lord of Castle Karry, in Somerset County, in 1199; *Kari*, from which the family took its name, having been conferred by the Conqueror on Robert, a son of Eudo, Count of Brittany. Sir William Cary, of Cockington, Devonshire, fell at Tewkesbury, in 1471, leaving two sons from whom descend the Carys of Devonshire and those of Hertfordshire. The barony of Hunsdon was conferred on Sir Henry Cary, of the younger branch of the Hertfordshire family. Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, was many years Governor of Berwick and Warden of the Borders. It was said of him, "he



MAJ.-GEN. CHARLES LEE.

took as great pleasure in hanging thieves as other men in hunting and hawking." He was a cousin of Queen Elizabeth through his mother, Mary Bollen. Sir Henry is noted for having suppressed the Rebellion of the North. He was the ancestor of the Earls of Devon and Monmouth. In the next generation, Henry Cary, of Hertfordshire, of the elder branch, the Sir Henry of the London Company, was distinguished for his literary attainments, and James I conferred on him the Scotch title of Viscount Falkland. Lucius Cary, his son, the second Lord of Falkland, secretary of State to Charles I, was the cavalier, *par excellence*, of his race. The family poet is found in Patrick Cary, a younger brother of Lord Falkland. A manuscript copy of his "Ballades" and "Triolets" came into the hands of Walter

Scott, and a limited edition of them was published in 1819. Scott quotes from one of Cary's drinking-songs in "Woodstock." The "Ballades" show throughout the cavalier sympathies of the writer, and would doubtless have cost the witty poet his life if they had seen the light in those perilous times. The "Triolets" are religious poems, original and translated, and bear witness to a vein of pious and serious feeling which is not unworthy of Falkland himself. Some of Patrick Cary's love songs have a grace and lightness of touch which will make them to compare favorably with the best lyrics of his age. From one of these we quote the closing stanza:

"Soft cords made of roses
Than mine would not gall me;
Her bright hair composes
These bonds which enthrall me,
Now, when she has proved
How much her I've loved,
My hopes will soar high;
Perchance to retain me
Her arms will enchain me!
Then who'd not be I?"

The Cary family is represented in England at the present time by the Carys of "Torr Abbey," and of "Follaton House," Devonshire, whose ancestors were the Carys of Cockington, and also by Lord Falkland, a lineal descendant of the heroic cavalier.

Connected with the Cary family by marriage in England, and having so frequently intermarried with them in Virginia that the kinsfolk of the one are as a general rule the kinsfolk of the other, are the Fairfaxes, one of the oldest of English families. The Fairfax family of Virginia dates, as we have intimated, from a period subsequent to that of the cavalier immigration, though we may associate with that epoch Lord Culpeper's "Cate," the Lady Fairfax whose son was to inherit the whole Northern Neck of Virginia. And though the Commonwealth claims the great general of this family, there were cavaliers to be found in it, several of the name being forced to compound for their estates. It was to the generation that lived to see the Revolution that George William Fairfax belonged, the first of the name in the colony. He came over to manage Lord Fairfax's large property, and the title, though not the lands, came subsequently to his own children, but none ever went to England to enjoy it. The eldest son of George William Fairfax married a daughter of Wilson Cary of "Cely's," Elizabeth City County, and it was her sister, Mary Cary, who was one of Washington's early

sweethearts. And to a generation just passing away belongs another marriage between the two families, a daughter of Thomas Fairfax—ninth Lord Fairfax, did titles exist in this country—having been the wife of Archibald Cary, of "Carysbrooke," Fluvanna County, Virginia.

In the year that Colonel Miles Cary came to Virginia, his cousin, Lord Falkland, the incorruptible patriot, the loyal servant of church and king, sat in the last Parliaments of Charles I, beginning thus his brief public career. Clarendon, with loving eloquence, has sketched his character and given us the chief incidents in his life down to its heroic close at Newbury. And in the historian's pen-portrait, as in the

fair, St. John-like face preserved for us by Vandyke, we see the type of the truly ideal cavalier. Who would not envy him his epitaph: "Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the business of life that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence; whosoever leads such a life needs not care upon how short warning it be taken from him." It was an incorruptibility and public spirit akin to Lord Falkland's that burned in the bosom of Miles Cary's descendant, the Virginia patriot of '76, who so worthily represented his name and race in the new world.

K. M. Rowland.

A MEMORY.

MAY, 1864.

The morning stars were growing pale,
But still we slept, as soldiers sleep
Who know not fear, deep in the vale
Between the mountains dark and steep.

A quiet brooded o'er the camp,
And not a cloud was in the sky,
With soothing dew our brows were damp,
A sweet breeze fanned us tenderly.

It may have been a mocking-bird,
Low trilling to the dawning day,
But every veteran dreamed he heard
His love sing as he sleeping lay.

Some loves were wives, and maidens some,
And some were mothers sweet and fair,
And some were children left at home
Without a mother's tender care.

But ah, how mournful was that strain—
That low, sad song in dreaming ears!
It rose and fell and rose again,
And died as if in sobs and tears.

Then brayed the trumpets, clashed the drums,
"Fall in!" Upsprang we all as one;
Bullets like bees began to hum,
And warm red blood like wine to run!

On which side fought we, shall I say?
(We fought so hard, with hearts so true!)
We may have worn the stainless Gray,
Or loyally the precious Blue.

Some fell, some lived, and all were brave,
For all had heard love sing that morn!
Oh woman, weeping by a grave!
Oh golden dream to tatters torn!

What without love is victory worth?
What is defeat if love be won?
Hearts of the South, hearts of the North,
Throb louder than the drum or gun!

Maurice Thompson.

ARKANSAS POST.

THERE is probably no place on the Arkansas River below Pine Bluff with fewer advantages for defense against an invading army, or better adapted for the capture of the troops attempting to hold it, than Arkansas Post.

Situated on the north side of the river, the fort was built on the outer curve of a large horse-shoe bend, with an almost impassable bayou or slough, which was without bridges, extending from the river above the fort to and beyond the left of the breastworks, and an enemy ascending the river had but to land around the bend a few miles below and march across a narrow neck of land to strike the river above the fortifications and cut off retreat in that direction, while a force deployed from the river below the fort to the bayou in front of the Confederate line would completely invest the place and prevent an escape, except by the bloody alternative of cutting a passage through the enemy's lines.

The fort was a well-constructed earthwork, capable of being held against a considerable force assaulting by land, but of little use located where it was, while the breastworks, which ran back from the fort to the bayou at a right angle with the river, were light affairs, built by men who knew nothing of such matters and who had never heard a hostile gun, except at a great distance. Two lines of light works were constructed some distance down the river, but they were never used.

The troops stationed at Arkansas Post were under the immediate command of Brigadier-General T. J. Churchill, of Arkansas, and consisted of the Sixth, Twenty-fourth, and Twenty-fifth Texas regiments forming one brigade, commanded by Colonel R. R. Garland, the Tenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Texas regiments forming another brigade, commanded by Colonel (afterward Brigadier-General) James Deshler, two Arkansas regiments commanded by Colonel Portlock, a number of sailors, old men-of-wars-men, stationed in the fort and commanded by Colonel Dunnington, two companies of cavalry commanded by Captain Nutt, of Shreveport, Louisiana, and Captain Richardson, of Marshall, Texas, and two companies of artillery commanded respectively by Captain J. E. Hart and Captain W. B. Denson.

The regiments were small, many of the men being absent on furlough, and death from disease had played havoc in the ranks.

(736)

The armament of the fort consisted of three large siege-guns, two of which were in casemates constructed of heavy white-oak timbers, and the third was *en barbette*; also six small Parrot guns, mounted on platforms, but so arranged that they could not all be used. The infantry was armed with double-barrel shot-guns, smooth-bore muskets, and a few Enfield rifles; the cavalry had carbines and the artillery companies each had four small field-guns.

All of the troops, except the sailors, were encamped in front of the upper line of works, some distance from the river, and but few of those who heard the bugles sound the assembly on the afternoon of Friday, January 9, 1863, imagined the enemy was so near, and the men left their comfortable winter quarters with reluctance to answer the call. The weather being very warm for the season, nearly all of the soldiers left their heavy clothing in their cabins, and fell into ranks but thinly clad. Thinking it was another false alarm, and that they would return during the night, but few of the men marched away from camp prepared for cold weather or exposure of any kind.

Arriving at the middle line of works, it was ascertained that the enemy had actually come, and had taken possession of the lower line of works without opposition. The Federal General, McClelland, had called to pay us his respects, bringing with him his immense Vicksburg army, and a fleet of iron-clad gun-boats and mortar-boats.

Efforts were at once made to strengthen the defenses, and during the entire night the woods resounded with the ring of axes and the crash of falling trees.

Oh the morning of the 10th a gun-boat slowly rounded the bend in the river, and for the first time we were complimented with a shell from a Federal gun. The troops remained quiet during the morning under a slow fire from the gun-boats, which was not answered.

Finally it was discovered that we were being flanked on our left, and the troops were withdrawn to the upper line of defenses and assigned to their various positions, and the eight small field-guns possessed by the two artillery companies were planted at intervals along the breastworks, with nothing to protect the artillerymen from the fire of the enemy.

Our camp having been captured, there was

no chance to replenish our stock of clothing and blankets, but this gave little concern, as the weather continued warm, and no one dreamed of the terrible icy ordeal which the survivors of the pending battle were soon to undergo.

During the afternoon several shots were fired from the heavy guns in the fort, which, for a time, checked the Federal advance.

At dusk the gun-boats and mortar-boats approached the fort and opened fire, and until about 9 o'clock a fearful bombardment was kept up. The scene was one of terrific grandeur, and, witnessed from the river-front, it presented a picture never to be forgotten. Sheets of flame rushing from the cannons of both sides, turned darkness into light, and the thunder of the guns was deafening. Hot shot from the mortars described graceful curves in the air and looked like balls of fire dropping from the sky. Rockets hissed and blazed, and shells of the largest size fell thick and fast, shaking the ground with every explosion. When the firing ceased it was ascertained that but little damage had been done, considering the extent of the bombardment, and that only a few men and horses had been killed or wounded.

Sunday, the 11th, dawned bright, beautiful, and clear, and it seemed a sacrilege that such a day should be devoted to the bloody drama that was there to be enacted. At sunrise the Confederates had thirty-three hundred men in the trenches ready for duty, the remainder of the command being sick in the hospital; and this small, poorly-armed force, opposed by overwhelming numbers, with no avenue for escape, was ordered by General Holmes, the district commander, to "hold the place at all hazards."

At about 8 o'clock the firing began. First there was a scattering fire of musketry on our left, which soon became regular and incessant. The death-dealing shotguns did terrible execution in the ranks of the advancing enemy, and soon the deep booming of the Federal artillery rang out on the morning air. The firing spread rapidly along the line to the right and deepened into a roar which caused the very earth to tremble, and which was plainly heard a hundred miles away. The field-guns of the enemy were planted thick in front of us and to our right and rear across the river, and their screaming shells fell in our trenches, scattering destruction on every side, while the immense bombs from the mortar-boats came down with

terrific force, tearing great holes in the ground and sending their howling fragments in every direction. Our breastworks were but poor protection, for they were pierced by cannon-balls which went through them as easily as though they were built of straw, while the fire of the Federal artillery came from behind us as well as from in front, and the air all around us was thick with flying missiles. The hospital buildings afforded no protection to the sick, for they were repeatedly struck, notwithstanding the yellow flags were continually displayed, and were almost destroyed.

The siege-guns in the fort did excellent service for a while, but the well-directed shots from the gun-boats splintered the heavy casemates and tore great slabs from the muzzles of our large guns, and completely destroyed them.

For some time before the fight was over a considerable portion of the breastworks next to the fort was without defenders, several companies having been ordered into the fort, and others sent to reinforce the left, and had the enemy made a sudden dash at that point our line would have been broken and our left wing completely shattered.

Slowly our artillery-fire slackened, until at last every gun was disabled and we had not a cannon left with which to fire an answering shot; but our small arms kept up their horrible work, and poured into the faces of the enemy a deadly shower of buckshot and musket-balls.

As we had no artillery with which to check their advance, the enemy's boats steamed up the river, deliberately tore out the piles which had been driven across its bed a short distance below the fort, moved majestically past us, and landed a large force in our rear, between the fort and the bayou.

A concentrated fire was then directed toward the fort. Field-batteries on the opposite side of the river blazed and roared at it, and the gun-boats and mortar-boats turned their entire attention to that devoted spot. Shot, shell, and minie balls rained into it from every direction. Solid shot from the gun-boats plunged through the packed earth which formed its walls, and huge mortar shells dropped into it from above. The thunders of the cannon and the bursting shells were terrible, and nothing could be heard above their roar.

Finally, about 4 o'clock, while that fearful hail of iron and lead was falling, a mounted officer galloped into the fort, and it was then discovered that white flags were flying over

the breastworks near the center of the line. The cry of surrender was raised, and some one started to lower the colors, but a gallant old sailor, who had heroically stood by the heavy guns until they were battered to pieces, snatched up a musket and swore he would kill the man who attempted to pull down that flag. In a few minutes, however, while the brave old tar, powder-smeared and battle-smoked, still stood, with flashing eyes and heaving bosom, faithfully guarding the halliards, a shell struck the staff near the top, and the stars and bars which had floated so proudly over us fluttered to the ground, a soldier ran his bayonet through a white handkerchief, and waved it from the top of the magazine, and the battle of Arkansas Post was closed.

After the roar and excitement of battle is over, and the smoke has drifted away, the tired soldier, leaning against a shattered earthwork or broken gun-carriage, realizes, as he gazes at the sickening scene before him, and hears the cries and groans of the wounded, that the pomps and glories of war, the theme of so many songs, are but vanities which wither and fade as the dreadful horrors of the battle-field are exposed to view. The poor wretch, lying but a few rods away, begging so piteously for water, may, but an hour before, have electrified his comrades with his splendid daring, while the hero of the day, perchance, lies a mangled corpse, mutilated beyond recognition by the bursting of a shell or the explosion of a caisson.

The battle-field of Arkansas Post differed little from other fields where "grim visaged war" showed his horrid front, and as day deepened into twilight the litter corps could be seen hurriedly bearing their burdens of suffering humanity to places of temporary relief.

Night closed in around us, and the Confederates, throwing themselves exhausted on the ground beside their fallen comrades, soon slept undisturbed by that awful presence which had, during the day just gone, claimed so many as his own.

On Monday, the 12th, the prisoners were assembled on the bank of the river, above the fort, and guarded during the day by men in blue, who, being veterans of many fields, respected the men who had offered their lives as sacrifices for what they deemed right.

At nightfall one of the prisoners started the song, "The Bonnie Blue Flag," others caught up the refrain, and for more than an hour hundreds joined in the song, and made the

woods, which had so recently echoed far different sounds, ring with the rich melody.

Later in the night we were marched on board the steamboats for transportation to Northern prisons. Before the dawn of Tuesday a heavy rain began falling, driving the men to such shelter as they could find; and when daylight came the holds of the vessels were crowded, while the men in the engine-rooms were standing huddled together like cattle.

During the afternoon of Tuesday, the 13th, the boats bearing the prisoners, with a gunboat as convoy, turned their heads down stream, and we bade farewell to the scene of our first battle.

During the night that followed our departure, while the boats were taking on fuel at the mouth of White River, the rain, which until then had not ceased, changed to snow, and as we turned up the Mississippi men from the far South were thrust unprepared into what seemed to us an Arctic region.

Wednesday's light showed us the muddy waters of the great river rushing between snowy banks. Every thing but the water was white, and as our unaccustomed faces were struck by the thickly falling snow they smarted as though smitten by driving particles of glass, and the icy wind chilled us to the marrow.

Much has been written of "the beautiful snow," but the muddiest spot in our sunny Southland would have been a paradise compared to the snowy, slush-covered decks.

Onward the human freighted boats sped their way, passing Memphis, Columbus, Cairo, and St. Louis, in their turn, and as we left the snow-storm behind us every throb of the engines carried us into a colder clime.

Of food, there was plenty and to spare, and no personal unkindness was shown by the guards, but the cold was intense. The kind citizens of Memphis were not permitted to give the clothing they so generously offered to keep us warm, notwithstanding a frozen Confederate had been that day carried dead to the wharf; and, as the men were not allowed to enter the cabins, the scarcity of overcoats and blankets caused great suffering. Many of the prisoners afterward lost limbs from being frost-bitten, and scarce a day passed that we did not leave a lonely grave by the side of the great "Father of Waters," containing the remains of a brave man who had yielded to the seductive influences of that painless stupor which precedes death from freezing.

But all things must have an end, and when we were moored to the wharf at Alton, Illinois, on the night of the 29th of January, it seemed as though the end had surely come.

The sleet-laden wind whistled and howled around us, while huge blocks of ice, tossed on the bosom of the swollen river, rushed madly by; and, as we trod the slippery decks, catching occasional glimpses of leafless branches reaching up against the wintry sky, visions of the open doors and green trees of our far off Southern homes passed before us, and we almost despaired of ever again being fanned by our gentle gulf breezes, or basking again in the warmth of our genial winter sun.

Although near a quarter of a century since then has come and gone, the eighteen days

and nights which followed the capture of Arkansas Post seem like a long, dark, horrible dream, such a one as doubtless haunts the sleeping hours of the survivors of an Arctic expedition, as they dream of their frozen comrades and the ice and snows of the Polar regions.

On the morning of the 31st of January the gates of a military prison were opened to receive a shivering crowd of men, who would rather have braved death on a thousand fields than undergo the horrors of a similar experience, and for months afterward the doors of the prison dead-house were opened daily to receive the lifeless bodies of those who finally succumbed to the exposures of that terrible trip up the river.

Wm. J. Oliphant.

CITY BUILDING IN THE SOUTH.

OR T. 22, S. R. XL, E.—R. C.

"I MUST see Winkelstraw," was Rankin's first word to Chepstowe.

"He is Amminadab Sleek, jr.," said Chepstowe. "I don't think it'll pay. I've seen him. You can make nothing of him."

"Winkelstraw denied himself," Rankin pushed in. "I knew you were here," he said. "I come for a settlement."

"Ah! Mr. Rankin, I did n't know it was you; sit down. What is the news in New York? The election returns are not so favorable, I see."

"Mr. Winkelstraw, your honor was pledged to turn over all the State bonds to A. & Co. as receiver. I am here for the balance of the bonds, and all other school funds in your hands."

"There was such an understanding," said Winkelstraw, calmly, "but there was a special act forbidding the employment of a State agent passed afterward."

"No act can violate a contract partly performed by a deposit of three hundred thousand dollars in bonds after drawing one hundred and five thousand dollars on the bonds. Pay back the one hundred and five thousand dollars, and we will rescind."

"You don't understand," said Winkelstraw. "The State, to make good its guarantee, put up three hundred thousand dollars—it was your

agreement—on which the I. I. board drew thirty-five per cent, one hundred and five thousand dollars."

"No; I'll not argue with you. This eighty thousand dollars was to be paid by the A. C. board for Florida sevens at par, in the bank's hands. You know that."

"Well," said Winkelstraw, "it is true, I am an honorable member of the A. C. board, but I am not the board. Whatever your contract was, the law that constituted the board provides that it must buy in open market."

"And when it agrees to buy, as in this case," said Rankin, "it would pay for the bonds it agreed to purchase. That is my demand."

"I think," said Winkelstraw, as if defending the sacred principle of political economy, "the board believes it has the right to buy where it can buy cheapest. I certainly do. But if, as you affirm, the A. C. board has contracted to purchase eighty thousand dollars worth of Florida sevens of you at par, why don't you apply to the secretary?"

It was evident this man had no intention, perhaps no sense of obligation, to keep his word. He had covered in the State bonds reserved by him, contrary to his agreement, and made a pretty profit on it. The bank and A. C. board might fight it out over the empty bag to suit themselves.

He was very polite, hoped to see them at the Governor's levee, would be glad to make Mr. Rankin's stay agreeable, and bowed them smiling from the door.

"Now I wonder," said Rankin, after his interview with Winkelstraw, "if the cash has actually passed. Let us go to L——'s bank."

"I think it has," said Chepstowe. "I was told it had, and I don't think Winkelstraw would be so cool if it had not."

At the bank they were told such an order of the board had been filed, but what action Secretary Brown had taken on it was not known. The presumption of course was that the matter was closed.

He was about to give it up when he met the member from his county. Civil questions passed, and the member said if Rankin could wait a day for him to get his *per diem* they would go home together.

"Have you not been paid?" asked Rankin.

"Well, the money is ready," said the member, "but I believe they are waiting on some paper from Mr. Secretary Brown."

It gave a new hope. They hurried to Mr. Brown's office. That gentleman had been engaged all the forenoon with Colonel Alton and a lady client. The book-keeper believed they "had gone to dinner."

They hurried to Mr. Brown's residence, and were shown into the shaded parlor to wait on his leisure. Presently there was a step outside, the rustle of skirts, and the door opened to admit a lady in a traveling dress, with a servant carrying a satchel.

She evidently had thought the room unoccupied, and stood hesitating as the gentlemen arose to receive her. Then she threw back her veil as she advanced, and Rankin recognized the lobbyist, the mysterious Belle of Titian.

There was a pause; the same shy, hesitating manner, as if she was making an effort, and then she said, in a voice not fully under control, "I am glad to relieve your anxiety, Mr. Rankin. Mr. Alton saw Mr. Brown about some money. I don't exactly understand, only I know it has been paid as you wished."

Of all the possible alternatives, such a presence and such an interference was the last possible. Without understanding her or himself, he said, mechanically,

"I am much obliged to you, ma'am, for—for your information."

"No," said she, as if to escape his thanks, "that is not necessary; our interests are the same."

"Indeed, ma'am," he broke out, under a confused wave of mixed feelings, "indeed, I wish they were."

It brought a rich blush, either of embarrassment or feeling, as she answered, hesitatingly,

"Of course—your cousin; that is, I heard—but I believe—or perhaps—" and the struggle to carry on the embarrassing interview failed and left her looking pale and distressed. It was but for a moment, for Mr. Brown and his guests entered the parlor noisily, Colonel Alton addressing the lady—

"Now, my dear, if we are to catch that train. Brown will excuse us, of course. Ah, Rankin, is that you? Got it by a scratch. But Brown will explain. Now, we must be off." And he bustled out of the room with the unknown.

"Pray, who is the lady?" asked Rankin, eagerly, on his introduction to Mrs. Brown.

"She is—oh, yes—she is a sister of Mrs. Par-ton's. They stopped on the way to the train to dine, as they were too late to return to the hotel."

Then Brown came up and went into an elaborate explanation.

"But I was not so foolish," he concluded, "as to put myself in the same box with the I. I. board and have the Federal court ordering me to *ante up* my accounts and papers to a receiver. The \$80,000 was paid over to A. & Co., and I received the bonds. I don't know what Winkelstraw will say to it, and I don't care."

We are now done with that scandalous interference which was the usual concomitant of every railroad or other improvement of the period; but we may note that the redemption of the collaterals and the repayment of the money borrowed (?) by Paddock cost the State of Florida in the end the round sum of \$265,000 to cancel a bonded indebtedness of \$450,000, for which the State of Florida, by her Improvement Board or in any other way, had not received so much as the value of a cross-tie or a single spike. The conservative opposition was right; but this study shows how pure-minded men may be forced into support of measures which they heartily disapprove and only accept as the alternative of evils.

Relieved from the tense strain on his physical strength by this sudden peril to his investments, Rankin's mind reverted to the uncertain, anxious state in which affairs had been left at Alalachee. A dispatch from Colonel Chester

contained news of Davison's critical condition, but there was an assurance in his surviving. But another passage in the letter alarmed him. "There is some conspiracy going on among the vagabonds of the town, and they have drawn the mill hands and some of the merchants into it. I have been afraid it was to lynch Baker; but from what I see, it is something more general. The state of feeling here is such you had better return as soon as you can be spared. The loss of Davison's services and influence is an incalculable misfortune at this time. I do not conceal from you that unless something is done, and that very speedily, we shall have another outbreak."

CHAPTER VII.

TAKING ACCOUNT OF STOCK.

The most natural impulse, after the interview he had already had with Mattie Chester, was for Rankin to seek her out; but he found a note from Colonel Chester waiting for him at the wharf, urging him to come on to the town immediately.

He was not a little relieved at hearing the good Colonel's wrathful account of what had taken place. It seemed that the busiest nobodies of the town, men of the corner-grocery and livery-stable type, had held a debate over its condition, and resolved that it ought to be incorporated; it ought to have a mayor, board of aldermen, police, and especially a police court. What was more, they had submitted it to the county member; and the charter had been granted. There they were, liable to a city tax, and a government constituted after the manner of city governments generally.

A formal and formidable committee had called on the Colonel for consultation, and had been met by smart, astounding rebuke:

"What do you want with a government? Don't you know government is for rogues? Honest men get on without them? Who is to do the governing? Which one of you thinks he is better able to look after my property and take care of it than I can? I tell you, government is like sickness; keep it off as long as you can. Would you incorporate a scarlet fever and solicit a charter for the smallpox?" And the Colonel thundered at the committee till they were fairly frightened off.

"But," said Rankin, "it has got to come. Say it is a disease. I am sure the application and the charter itself is a pretty strong symp-

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tom that we have got it. In fact, I was myself thinking of proposing it; but this is better. It is true, then, "active citizens" have not shown themselves very valuable; but who knows? I think it is a part of the economy of nature; the man fit for nothing else makes a pretty good local officer; he is restrained by law and public opinion. He can do less harm in that than in any other occupation. Let them go ahead. It will all come right. They will pick out idle, good fellows, and that is better than your shrewd, selfish worker."

The Colonel reluctantly yielded; but from that day he pointed out, sometimes with reason, any misfortune in the community to the original sin of securing a charter.

From this interview Rankin went to Davison's bedside. The poor fellow looked horribly wan and hollow-eyed, but he met his friend with a cheerful smile.

"Well, Bub, how's things?"

Rankin briefly stated his success. Davison listened in silence. Presently he said,

"I wanted to speak to you about Parson Robards. I've thought a good deal of him, and he has been praying for me almost every day. Some say he was n't right to refuse to marry that couple: and it would hardly do"—with a wan smile—"to let the parsons choose our wives; but he thought he was right. He stood there looking down the barrel of that pistol like a rock. He would n't flinch to save his life, and he would n't give it up. That kind of man counts, whether he serves God or man. But he will not do here. We've got to face the music. One nail drives out another, and Parson Robards and his sort have got to go. I thought I'd ask you, in case I never got up from here, to have an eye to the parson, Bub. If he needs help, and his sort don't often, I'd like to feel that he knew where to go to. If he likes to stay—and he's a good blacksmith if he don't come up to style as a parson—you'll fix him, I know."

"Of course," said his friend. "But, Davison, you'll be up; your chance is good and we can't spare you."

"Thank you, Bub; I took to you from the jump. But it is a chance. There's another thing I wanted to say to you." He made an effort to go on, but stopped.

"Never mind now," said Rankin, "you had better take a rest."

"No," said Davison; "if I don't I'll just lie here and worry, old man; so I'd better have it over."

"Very well," said Rankin, "if you think so."

There was another struggle, and he said, "Mattie Chester."

"Well," said Rankin, seeing him pause, and bending over him.

The large, hollow eyes looked at him, and the patient put his weak hand, with a sort of caress, over Rankin's hair.

"You are a good fellow, Bub."

Rankin felt the hot tears. "Oh pshaw! Joe."

"Yes; I've heard about here that you were going to marry Mattie Chester."

It was a question. Rankin hesitated a moment; but, seeing an answer was expected, he said, "I don't know."

"Don't know, old boy?"

"No, Joe, I don't," said he. "I did say something to Mattie, but she did not answer; and I did n't ask her to answer."

"But you will, though?"

"Yes," said Rankin, feeling troubled over it, "I suppose I shall."

"Jes' so; Mattie has been sending me flowers, and a kind word sometimes, since I have been lying here. I've known Mattie a long while, Bub, much longer than you," said Davison, quietly.

"Yes," said Rankin, "I know."

"And she is domestic as a house-cat, Bub. I ain't a-funnin'. She's just that. She'll be happy in any home, and she'll make any home pretty—and so happy. I can see that." Then, after a pause, "I was too reckless and careless. You will be better to her than I'd ha' been; but you can't love her more, Bub, if you lived a thousand years."

"Oh, Joe!" and Rankin laid his head down by his friend and sobbed like a child.

"Don't Bub; now don't. You'll make me sick." It was true, but the appeal was for his friend.

"You will get well," said Rankin, passionately. "My God, I can't lose you. You must get well."

"Yes, Bub, if I can," said he. "But, somehow, I don't seem to want to. You see we got things pretty straight, and there is n't so much need of me as there was. I can see that I have filled my place, and the work is pretty much done. You are out o' the woods, Bub. And now, if you'll let down the blinds, and give me a cool drink, I think I'll try to go to sleep."

Rankin came from this interview profoundly stirred. Was life a series of tasks, for which Providence provided the workmen, like Parson Robards and Joe Davison, and when the work

was done dismissed them to die or struggle on in conditions they had helped to create but could no longer sustain? Was the division of labor, the service of men trained to one business, fatal to that larger character of the frontier that assumed and directed all? If so, was not his part finished? Were not the conditions which had gradually compelled him to appoint one person over one department and another over another a gradual elimination of himself from the equation? He was a rich man now. Not in the present; but the growth of his orange groves, the town lots and available tracts reserved, and his stock in the railroad and mill enterprises assured him of a constantly increasing income. The time was coming—was even now at hand—when his agents would do better without his presence; the jealousy and distrust of being overlooked would be removed. He foresaw that without Joe Davison as superintendent his relations to agents and contractors would not be pleasant; and even with Joe, he had better leave all the detail of management alone. Success has its bitter as well as defeat.

Under this view, a relation unobserved by him, until worked out by Davison in the leisure of a sick-bed, he looked at his future with Mattie Chester. Until the interview he had carried the impression that such a marriage was necessary to strengthen him, not only in the family, but in the good will of the best of the colony, upon whose co-operation he depended. He now foresaw that the best security was to leave them to discharge the parts assigned to them, or which they assumed, untrammelled. In a sentimental view, no doubt, they would regard such a marriage as a dramatic propriety. There would be a sense of fitness in his, the pioneer founder's, marriage with the child-woman who had bravely led the way in the domestic development of those new homes. But—and—alas!

"Such conjunctions never die
Like common interjections."

Would a relation that satisfied sentiment satisfy the parties most interested?

Whatever conclusion might come he saw that, having opened the question to Mrs. Chester, its determination was not in his hands. He must fulfill his promise to Davison and speak to her.

Colonel Chester's comforts had rapidly increased since that day Mattie Chester could not leave her cooking to entertain the stranger in her gates. Blocks and wings were added to

the house till it arose pavilion-like in its shining orange-grove and flower-garden. Neat-handed household servants, skillful grooms and gardeners cared for it. Mr. Smith's cart and horse were not now necessary for a day's picnic.

Rankin rang the bell, and a brisk maid showed him in. He had so far neglected the unfamiliar social conventions as to forget his card, or that it was required. He merely asked to see "Miss Chester," and sat down.

There was a delay, unlike the old familiar frankness of Mattie's reception; a light, smooth step in the hall, the door quietly opened and revealed—a climax of confusion—the lobbyist, the unknown bearer of glad tidings at Tallahassee.

There was a moment of mutual confusion, surprise, amazement; but the lady, no longer constrained by the alien sense of her surroundings, said civilly:

"The servant informed me you asked for me. It is Mr. Rankin, I believe."

"Yes; that is," he stammered, "I wished to thank you for the kind interest you took in our business at Tallahassee."

"But surely I explained that—that our interests were the same," said the lady, looking surprised.

"Certainly you did," stammered Rankin; "but not being acquainted—ahem!"

The lady looked puzzled. "But you knew who I was?"

"Indeed, I did not; but I should be very glad to know," he blurted out; "very glad in order to—ahem—properly acknowledge—ahem—"

"But you asked for me," said the lady, in a sort of meek wonder at his confusion and statements. "I'm Mattie's sister!"

"Good Lord!" was Rankin's inward comment, "Chester's got another child, born twenty years old, and as like the Belle of Titian's portrait as the belle herself;" but he said, "Excuse my, my ignorance. I knew the Colonel had a married daughter, but—"

"Lizzie," seeing he stopped—"that is, Mrs. Parton."

"I was not aware, Mrs. Parton—"

"But I'm not Mrs. Parton," was the surprised interruption.

It was on his lips to exclaim, "Then who the mischief are you?" but her striking beauty, now fully revealed by the intense surprise removing all embarrassment, checked him, and the lady continued:

"I'm Ruth Chester, Mattie's half sister. But didn't you understand why? That papa telegraphed me I had better see Colonel Alton about that business, as you might be too late to recover the money? But, of course, if you didn't know—"

"No, Miss Chester, I did not," said he. "It seems strange, because— The family spoke generally of a sister," he added, checking a revelation of his morbid curiosity about the lobbyist; "but I had a delicacy about inquiring."

"And no particular interest," added the lady, quietly; "but all this time I have thought I was the means of introducing you to papa."

"Indeed!" said he. He felt he was too muddled to say more.

"Yes, sir. Didn't you get a memorandum of the location of the Lopez grant?" she asked.

"Of course," he said; "but I did n't know—"

"Did n't know I gave it to Colonel Alton for you. But there was a mark on it, and I thought they would know my writing," explained the lady.

It will be remembered Mattie did recognize the paper, but her inquiries were led astray by Colonel Chester's absorption on potash salts.

"I believe it was recognized, but I heard nothing of it," said he, recalling his reception. "It has, however, led to very important conclusions."

"So I have heard, Mr. Rankin," said she; "and I wished to thank you for your generous consideration and help to my father. I ventured to say as much to your cousin, Miss Saverne, a very delightful acquaintance I made in Washington."

"Dorothy is a very partial friend," said Rankin, recalling some expressions in her letter.

"Indeed she is!" exclaimed the lady, "and an extravagant *feuilletonist*, I expect," and a quick blush followed in sympathy.

"Her last letter," said he, "is written on the supposition that we had become acquainted."

"Yes," said she; "I told her I expected to meet you on our December visit, but you were called away."

At that moment Mattie Chester entered. Rankin was struck by the change. The usual expression of Mattie Chester's face was lively animation, there was a continuous ebb and flow of color, peculiar to the ruddy complexion, and eyes like sunlight on rippling water. Now she looked pale, lifeless—the features sharpened as if by illness.

"I don't think my little sister has been prop-

erly cared for," said Ruth Chester, attempting a caress.

"Oh! yes, I have," said Mattie, "I'm just as well! Oh! don't," rejecting her sister's caress with unusual pettishness. But, putting her hands together, she laid her head on them in her sister's lap. The eyes of Ruth and Rankin met in quick sympathy.

"You have heard, Mattie, and I am glad to confirm it, that our business is arranged. You remember our conversation?"

"Yes, I remember something," said Mattie languidly. "I thought all bad things were coming at once. But now Ruth has come," and the arm about her sister's waist was more expressive than words.

"Yes, darling, Ruth has come," said her sister; "and she does not mean to leave you again."

Rankin returned to Davison's bedside without that premeditated interview with Mattie Chester. In fact he had had a revelation. Perhaps more than one.

"Davison, do you know Ruth Chester, Mattie's sister?" asked he.

"Yes, I have met her, and used to know her."

"How came it you never spoke to me about her?" asked Rankin.

"I don't know," replied Davison. "Why should I talk to you about Ruth Chester? I did n't know you knew her, and I had n't seen her since the war."

"But, Joe, she is so very beautiful. She is the loveliest woman I ever saw. She is here, now."

Davison made no answer to this, but after a pause, he asked: "Bub, did you speak to Mattie?"

"No," said Rankin, watching him keenly, "and I don't mean to. I got my answer without it. The only recollection she had of that interview—you remember what I told you—was that she thought all her troubles were coming at once. I'm afraid, Joe, your house-cat has other feline propensities."

The only answer to this, after a pause, was:

"Do you know, Bub, I believe I am going to get over this."

"Certainly; the doctor says your symptoms are all right, except your appetite."

"Could you get me a wild duck? There's oodles* of 'em on Marah Prairie!"

"Easy. Have your partridge now?"

"*Toujours perdrix.* Yes; let's try 'em."

*An abundance.

Rankin's next visit to Chester's was not delayed; but who should come in, but his cousin Dorothy.

"Well, Baz, I've come," said she.

"I see you have," taking her hand carelessly.

"That's a cool welcome, after all I have done for you," said the lady.

"Why, what have you done for me?" he asked.

"Conceit! do you think you could ever have got her, if it had not been for me."

"Ah! but you see I have n't got her yet."

"It's your own fault," said she. "There was such a nice gentleman wanted her. He is big; such big feet, big hands, big arms, big body, and big head, all bald and shiny like a table."

"And great big eyes, and great big mouth to eat up little Red Riding Hood. Why did n't he?"

"Why, Baz," said Dorothy, "he had the very things you told me to fall in love with; and I wanted him."

"And you fell in love with him, did you, Doady?" he asked.

"Well, not just all at once, Baz. He was too big for that. I fell in love with him in pieces; and I told him, may be in a month or so I could love him all around, but it is a great deal for little me. He is so big, Baz."

"Just Dorothy all over!" laughing at this characteristic account.

"And him all over too, Baz, which is a great deal more. But when are you to be married? You might as well tell me, for I'll ask Ruth."

"Please, Dorothy, do not. I know you are a mischievous little piece; but I do not think you wish to hurt me," he entreated. I must wait awhile."

In fact, a morbid imagination was sensitive over that sudden transfer of allegiance from one sister to the other—a matter, let it be noticed, of which others were as ignorant as indifferent. But Dorothy was irrepressible. At a fish party Rankin invited Ruth and Dorothy to share his boat. Ruth accepted, but Dorothy stopped before entering it.

"No," she said, with a toss, "engaged people are always so stupid!" And she marched off to the large sail-boat.

"Dorothy has betrayed me," said he, "but you know, Ruth, I've loved you from that first day at the hotel."

"Me, or mamma's old silk?" she asked.

"Dorothy has told me all about it."

"Then the old silk for your sake, Ruth."

"The old silk will do as well?"

"If you are in it; not else."

"You were so kind to papa."

"Love me for any reason, but love me, Ruth."

"You were very silly to quarrel with Dorothy about the old silks or any thing—that is if—"

"If what, dear?"

"You love me, as you say. Dorothy would not let me love any one else, if I had wished to."

And the day was made beautiful by the incarnation of the dear ideal of his life. In their confidence they spoke of the other lovers; and Colonel Chester's fear that Davison was too wild; but there were influences in his favor that made a double wedding. Such a ceremony can not be repeated, for the community has outgrown the period in which all could be united as one family.

So, under the veil of fiction, has been told the story of the founding of one American city and county. Its further history is not of the enterprise of one individual or one association

of individuals. As we leave it now, it is shaped, tongued, and grooved to become a part of our national municipality; and as such separates from its projectors as the ripe fruit is now dropping, as I write, from the trees they planted. In that progressive development each force or quality in turn steps to the front and discharges its duty, only to be displaced by the next, obedient to the laws of successive change.

I know, in conclusion, that our sketch has its defects. The stage is too narrow for these scenic properties that add a grace and freshness to dramatic action in quickening the sensuous nature to share with the intelligent perception. For the same reason, it lacks that analytic surgery of the emotional nature of its characters which constitutes so large a part of the modern novel. The characters have been left to speak for themselves. But the airy nothings that syllable men's names in desert wildernesses have taken on themselves the parts performed by real live men and women. Every fiction is a fact of actual occurrence from the felling of the first tree.

Will Wallace Harney.

[THE END.]

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

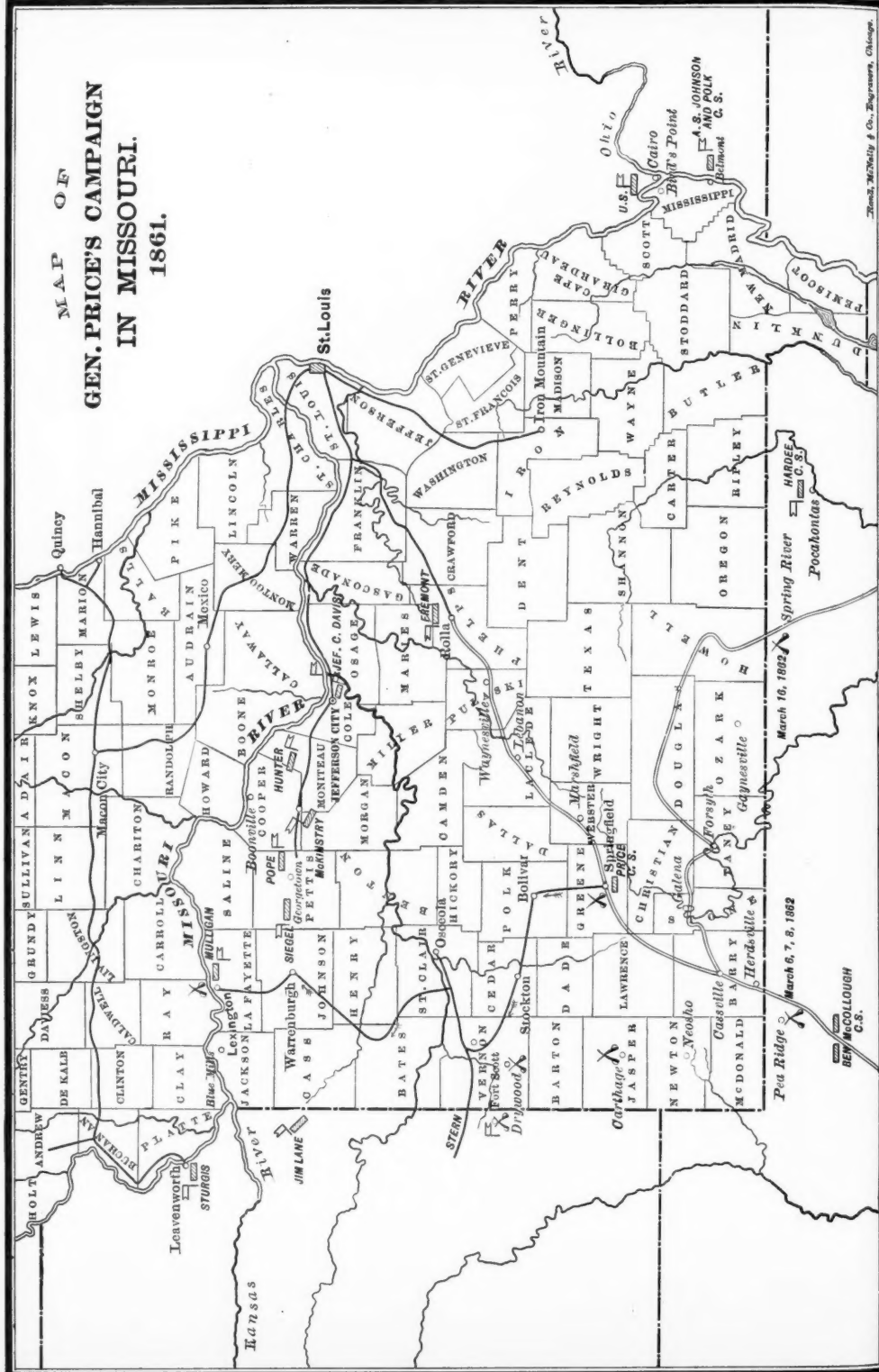
THERE was a clamor from the Missouri River for General Price's advance, and he determined to move forward at the earliest moment he could get a tolerable supply of ammunition. On the 25th of August, he determined to make at least a demonstration, and trust to the supply of powder in the various counties of the Southwest and to such ammunition as might reach him *en route*. With slow marches he reached the town of Bolivar, in Polk County, on the 27th of August. In going to Bolivar he moved in a direction almost due north. He had left General McBride's division in command of Springfield, where the sick and wounded and stores were to be protected. Colonel T. T. Taylor he left in command of the post.

Having received information that the Federals were concentrating some troops, mostly militia, at Fort Scott, he deflected to the left, and, moving in a westerly direction through Stockton, in Cedar County, he entered Vernon County about the 3d of September, and took

position near Nevada. Here he determined to ascertain the enemy's disposition and strength at Fort Scott before he would advance further and leave them on his flank and rear. To this end he detailed about eight hundred cavalry, which he placed under command of General Early Steen, with orders to make reconnoissance in force.

We were encamped near Nevada, when General Steen took command of a select body of cavalry; it was Sunday, September the 5th. I accompanied him as one of his aides; we moved westward toward Fort Scott. This had been a frontier fort when Kansas was an unorganized territory, and was located some three miles from the Missouri boundary line. It was some ten or twelve miles from Nevada, and a little south of west in direction. We marched rapidly till we reached Drywood Creek, some four miles from the fort, which we passed with some caution just above a large farm-house in the edge of the timber which grows along the stream. General Steen, using all military pre-

MAP OF GEN. PRICE'S CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI. 1861.



Thomas, McWhorter & Co., engravers, Chicago.

BEN McCOLLUGH
C.S.

cautions, sent forward some trusty scouts to watch for an enemy, while flanking parties were thrown out right and left, marching parallel with us. The country was an open, almost level plain, with an occasional bed of a small stream fringed with timber and brush. Our scouts reported the enemy very quiet and unsuspicious of our advance. They were having divine service that Sunday afternoon, and not watching while they prayed. We moved forward rapidly, and surprised them before they could rally and form. A sharp little skirmish ensued, while a detail of our soldiers appropriated some eighty mules picketed near by, which were duly started toward the Missouri line. Steen's orders were to reconnoiter and form some idea of the enemy's force and position as well as his disposition for battle. He therefore contented himself with heating them up and amusing them while the mules were being rapidly driven to our lines. We then fell back rapidly and faced about, and formed to repel any attack as fast as we caught up with the mules. We had some lively skirmishing in the open prairie, the enemy evidently making disposition to flank us. We could see the smoke of the small arms, but could hear no report, as the open prairie seemed to deaden the sound of the musketry. There were few casualties from either musketry or cannon, and we retreated leisurely till in reach of the timber, when the enemy, seeing the advantage it would give us, and not knowing perhaps but that our infantry was in position there, drew off his forces just before sunset. In the midst of this affair, from hard riding and heat, Steen was taken ill. He could with much ado sit his horse, but his surgeon had some remedies for the emergency, and with aid of heroic doses of stimulants and opiates he was held on till we reached the farm-house and procured an ambulance.

This expedition was accompanied for some distance by a lot of stragglers and sight-seers, who were not of the detachment. Some of these, hearing the sharp rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon, hurried back to General Price with exaggerated reports of a battle, representing Steen as being hotly engaged with a superior force of the enemy. These reports being confirmed by constant arrival of fresh messengers, every one of whom told a more exaggerated story, General Price ordered his forces under arms to Steen's assistance. When in the neighborhood of Drywood he was met by the party in charge of the captured mules, who informed him Steen was making good his

retreat and was occupying the ford. Price bivouacked on the high, open prairie about sunset, and we rejoined him after dark. It would have been judicious to have held possession of the Drywood ford, but it was neglected, and the enemy took possession of it. This neglect was the occasion of a sharp skirmish the next day, known as the "battle of Drywood."

As soon as General Price had been possessed of the results of General Steen's reconnoissance he determined before moving further north to make a demonstration in force on Fort Scott. The raid of Steen into Kansas was the first instance of an invasion of the territory of a neighboring State. The expedition had been intrusted to the command of a capable and gallant officer who had followed his orders most strictly. General Price could rely on his judgment and trust to his statements of facts. To pursue his march northward without a further demonstration would have been injudicious. He therefore ordered the whole army under arms, and made disposition for offensive operations.

About noon on the 6th he moved out toward Drywood, Rains' division, supporting Bledsoe's battery, in front, Parsons' following with Henry Guibor's artillery, Clark's succeeding Parsons, and Steen's and Black's in the rear. McBride's had been left in command of Springfield. Jeff Thompson and Tom Harris had not then joined us. The latter was in Northeast Missouri, and the former in the Southeast. The weather was very hot, and the supply of water at the farm-houses and creeks very scant. When our soldiers got to a well they soon drained it to the bottom. We soon debouched into the bottom prairie, which is the valley of Drywood Creek, and could see the farm-house, in front of which was a cornfield, to the left and south a natural meadow of high prairie grass. The timber was in rear of the house, which lined the banks of the creek, and the roadway led south of the field to its southwest corner, then turned north at a right angle to the crossing. Rains' division with little caution, barely suspicious of an enemy in front, moved along the road without deploying, and the head of their column had penetrated through the road northward to the front of the house and beyond to the ford, where the enemy opened on them with a volley of musketry which staggered and in some measure demoralized them. They had not then been educated to a change of front under fire, were raw in tactics, and many of them without any

experience. They broke into the field. But Bledsoe, who was in the rear of their infantry, about midway of the south line of the fence, went immediately into battery and opened on the enemy with old "Sacramento," a Mexican piece captured by Missourians in the Mexican war. This cannon was cast of copper and silver, and had a peculiar voice which all the troops knew. The woods were shelled and plied with ricochet and roundshot by Bledsoe till Parsons could form on his left flank, when Guibor, taking a position nearer the woods and south, took them in flank. When Guibor reached the field first he found Bledsoe, badly wounded, lying between two of his guns, giving orders and still in command. Bledsoe was severely wounded, and Guibor felt sure he had need of diversion in his favor and help. When he saw Rains' men falling back, he opened fire without orders. This checked the enemy and restored confidence to Rains' men, giving them time to rally. General Price came up and ordered Guibor to a new position in time to enable him to open on and silence a part of the enemy on the other side of the creek, who were endeavoring to flank us on the left, and whose ricochet round-shots bounded through the tall grass. Kelly's infantry, of Parsons' brigade, took promptly their positions in support of Guibor. But, to give room for the formation of the line of battle, Guibor moved his guns to the south some three hundred yards, occasionally stopping to deliver their fire when the Federal musketry became deadly. This gallant body of infantry, about one hundred strong, held their ground under a deadly fire of artillery till Clark's division could come up and form on the right of General Parsons. In the meantime, Roch Champion, then in command of Kelly's regiment—Kelly had been wounded at Springfield—beat off the enemy who had charged both his flanks. Guibor pressed forward after silencing the enemy's battery on our left, halting and firing canister. His left gun was unmanned, all the gunners being struck but two and sent to the rear, while he still pressed forward. At this time General Parsons came up and, seeing his situation, rode hastily back to his then formed line and advanced them through the timber of the creek to his support. The other lines were at the same time in battle array advanced on the enemy, threatening his flanks and delivering their fire. The enemy then retired as the shades of evening closed around us. Nothing could have exceeded the

coolness and gallantry with which our artillery was served. Bledsoe, wounded, lay between two of his guns giving orders till relieved by Guibor's pieces, when the command devolved on his junior officer, and he was carried off to the surgeons. The heavy fighting was done by Kelly's infantry and the batteries, and the casualties of the affair were principally among them.

Possessed of the field, we bivouacked on the prairie west of the creek. Our wagons came up with provisions and equipage in time to give us rations, and we camped for the night. I camped myself in the timber among some tall old sycamores, and during the night, I suppose in compliment to the disturbance in the air made by our cannon, the heavens treated us to a magnificent storm of wind and rain and thunder and lightning. The artillery of the sky was grander and louder and longer and more constant than ours. It looked sometimes as if our tents would be blown away, or the huge trees among which we were encamped would be torn up by the roots or blown down upon us.

The next day, the 7th, General Price moved down the creek some two miles, and took up his quarters near a farm-house. He was still in Missouri, but the people on the border seemed to have all been for the Union, and very much afraid of being robbed and injured. I called at one house where the man was in bed and claimed to be sick. He was only badly scared, but was soon reassured when he found no danger was to be apprehended and that the Missourians paid for what they got. The day was wet, with a drizzling rain and mist. Major Lawther was ordered to take a party out toward the Federal post on a scout. I arranged to go with him. Most of the scouting party were officers. I was riding a bay stallion named John Bascom. I had bought him in Hickory County for quartermaster scrip of the Jackson Government. I bought him from a farmer whose sons were in the army with General Price. His name was Alvin Poe, and he was not only fond of the horse, but proud of him, for he had a pedigree, and was descended from a rather famous Kentucky horse of the same name. Poe was more than willing to sell him for quartermaster scrip, because he dreaded nothing so much as the possibility of having to take the scrip of some Federal quartermaster. He was a devout man, an old-fashioned Baptist, and would sooner have joined a temperance society than that any thing belonging to him should serve the Federal cause. It

was not an unusual thing for the stalwart and devoted farmers to drive their cattle and mules to General Price, even as a free contribution to the cause, for fear they would have to be sold to the enemy.

We sallied on the scout, in the misty rain, through the open prairie, after getting our instructions in the signals by which we would know each other when separated. The tall grass was wet and almost high enough to hide our horses. The position of our camp was nearer Fort Scott than on the day of our reconnaissance. In three or four miles, we came upon a series of truncated mounds of great regularity and of enormous size. They rose from the adjacent plain with comparatively narrow valleys between them. On ascending one of them we found the top covered with a stratification of marine shells, and that covered over with soil. They were, I suppose, a hundred feet high, of forty or fifty acres area on top, and we could see around us for a long distance a constant succession of similar mounds. It looked like a kitchen garden of the fabled old Titans, where they had raised their potatoes and tobacco in pre-historic times. After reaching these mounds we separated, Lawther and his party going to the left. But we could see the enemy's pickets seated on their horses on mounds in front of us. I and my companion signaled to two of them, who, taking us for friends, answered by what we supposed were our own signals. They rode over to us and we captured them, having the drop on them with our revolvers. We disarmed them and put our steeds and theirs upon their speed, using our pistols as persuasive arguments to our prisoners to induce them to keep up with us. John Bascom's speed and mettle were excellent that day, and my prisoner dropped his reins, giving spurs to his own horse while, being unarmed, he held on to the mane. I reined up when we got out of the possible reach of the enemy's pickets, and commenced a friendly colloquy with my prisoner. I learned from him he had that day been in more danger from his horse than he had ever been in battle. He came from one of the manufacturing districts of New England to the State of Kansas, had just enlisted, and was on horseback for the first time in his life.

From these two prisoners General Price succeeded in acquiring a good deal of information which was supplemented and confirmed by other reports brought by Major Lawther, which determined him to move forward.

The day following we took up the line of

march for Lexington. Passing in a due north-east direction by easy and practicable roads, we entered St. Clair County. The county was open prairie mostly, except fringes of timber along the streams. From Vernon we naturally pursued the course of the streams, and followed the tributaries carrying their waters into the Osage. We left the Little Osage on our left, and crossed the main river below its junction with the Marais des Cypress at Taylorville. While here our scouting parties brought in a nondescript machine on wheels. It proved to be a soup-wagon, devised by General Fremont, and apparently intended to supply his army on the march with the necessary rations of a sort of food neither army had, at that time, learned to relish. It had been captured from the enemy, who had apparently relinquished it without much struggle. Crossing the Osage with great convenience, we moved up on the eastern line of St. Clair and Henry counties, and into the southeast corner of Bates. In Bates County, at our first camping ground, I noticed particularly those elevated plateaux of rich land, the soil overlying dense strata of limestone, which seemed to rise out of the sub-adjacent plain. These plateaux were of necessity surmounted by a rich and exhaustless soil. From Bates we soon deflected to the right into Henry again, and passed through a cross-roads village, then called Index, on the borders, or before we entered Johnson County. It was here we met with ex-Governor Austin A. King and John F. Ryland, two eminent old citizens of Missouri. One had been governor of the State, and the other one of her most distinguished judges of the supreme court. These distinguished gentlemen had been captured at their homes, in the face of the Federal governor at Lexington, the one living in Richmond, the other at Lexington, as counter-hostages for Colonel Dobbins and others held by the Federal commander in Lexington. These distinguished gentlemen were under guard, which was evidently very irksome to them. I met Governor King first; I had known him well for years. He was disgusted, to say the least, at having been dragged from his home and family. He was afoot, having only been provided with transportation to Index. I placed him on my horse till he reached camp. General Price then paroled them both, I think, to enable them to effect an exchange for the Southern gentlemen held as hostages. They both afterward observed the parole, and ultimately secured the release of the prisoners, who had, in the mean time, suf-

ferred much harsh usage and many indignities at the hands of the Home Guards or Gamble militia. I ought to state here that General John C. Fremont, the commander of the department, was in no wise responsible for these harsh and inhuman measures. Each commander of an outpost assumed the privileges of a proconsular authority and, in a measure, did as pleased him with the people in his vicinity in the absence of a Confederate garrison in his immediate reach. General Fremont commanded in St. Louis just about ninety days, and, so far as I can learn, never had a citizen who was solely a civilian arrested and imprisoned. There was in his time no Bastille where men and women were put in durance because of their connections or sympathies; nor was there ever a capricious and tyrannical assessment of fine or tax as punishment for not taking the oath or for disloyalty to the Union unaccompanied by overt act of hostility. We have nothing to do with the estimate put by the Washington authorities upon this officer as a military commander, but I think, when we have examined into all the facts, we will find that his removal from command was not a misfortune for the Confederates of Missouri, and was a blunder for the Union cause.

From Index we moved almost due north to Warrensburg, where we drove in Colonel Peabody's forces, and took possession of the town without a fight. We were in, practically, a day's forced march of Lexington. Colonel Peabody fell back precipitately to Lexington, and we followed him with all diligence, receiving hospitable ovations from the Southern people all along the route. We made Lexington in two days, and bivouacked on the outskirts of the city on the evening of the 12th day of September, 1861.

THE BATTLE OF BOONEVILLE, SEPTEMBER 9, 1861.

In the mean time other incidents were transpiring, some of them materially conducing to the success of General Price's expedition, notwithstanding General Ben McCulloch's evil predictions.

Among the numerous emissaries and recruiting officers sent broadcast throughout the State, with authority to organize troops under the Jackson Government, was Colonel William Brown, of Saline County. He was accompanied by his brother, Captain Mason Brown, and Captain James W. Allen, now of St. Louis.

All three were residents of the county of Saline. General Price had, as I have stated, furloughed many soldiers and granted leaves of absence to officers after the battle of Wilson Creek, and had made recruiting parties of them. The restiveness of the citizen soldier he well understood. The volunteer militia of the State, organized as a State guard under Governor Jackson's proclamation, were most of them persons who had farms or established business of various kinds, that would naturally demand their attention after a lapse of three months. They had many of them families they had a natural desire to see and make provision for. His course in this matter, it must be conceded, was the wisest. The patriot would return to his colors. It was but humanity to let him, as it proved to be perfectly safe to do so, visit his family and rejoin the army when the necessities of the campaign demanded his presence. There was a perfect assurance that he would be with the army when needed, especially as that army was already vested with the prestige of victory, and the Confederate army had been crushingly victorious in Virginia at Bull's Run. The pride of success which animated every Missouri soldier was a sure guarantee for their return to their standards, and the necessity of seeing his family and arranging for the possibilities of a longer campaign was not only a necessity but a humanity.

Among those, as I have stated, sent out to recruit was Colonel William Brown, an officer who had displayed a distinguished and reckless gallantry on every occasion. He was a Kentuckian, and son of Samuel Brown, who fought in a desperate personal duel with Cassius M. Clay, at Russell's Cave, in 1843. He had been across the Plains with Fremont when he first found a pathway to the Pacific Ocean. His life had been one of reckless and perilous adventure. There were no desperate chances that did not promise him delight, and he was, while brave and kind and gentle and manly, as the brave always are, imprudent and rash almost to the verge of folly.

Shortly after the 10th of August he repaired, accompanied, as I have stated, by Captain Mason Brown and Captain Allen, to his home in Saline. The two captains had no difficulty in recruiting a full company, each, of well-mounted and trustworthy young men. They were organized and armed with such guns as the country then afforded. Brown exercised great prudence and sagacity in his movements,

and great caution, keeping himself advised of Price's movements, and being posted as to the stages of his advance on to the Missouri River. He kept a sharp lookout on the enemy at Lexington and at St. Louis and Sedalia. Finding that Fremont was about to reinforce the garrison at Lexington, he spread exaggerated reports of General Price's forces, and assured the people, who held General Ben McCulloch in great terror, that McCulloch was accompanying General Price with the forces which had gained the victory of Wilson Creek, increased and reinforced from Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas. He assumed to have orders from General Price to take steps for preventing further reinforcement of Lexington. To this end, with his two companies, he joined, about the 7th of September, at Thompson's Spring, in Saline County not far from Cambridge, a body of recruits from North Missouri that had just crossed the Missouri River at Arrow Rock, commanded by Major Poindexter. Poindexter's command was composed of four companies, one from Monroe County, commanded by Captain Davis; one from Marion County, under Captain Fugan; one from Calloway, and one from Randolph County, which was Poindexter's own home.

Brown, on forming a junction with Poindexter, presented an order from General Price for him to take command of the whole body, to which he was entitled by his rank, and move down the Missouri River to prevent supplies and reinforcements from passing, by boat or otherwise, to the Federal command at Lexington. He assumed command of the six companies, and on the 8th, in the afternoon, took up the line of march for Booneville. The latter town is on the south side of the Missouri River, and is southeast of the position then occupied by Brown's command. It was about thirty miles off. Booneville had been named as the rendezvous for the State guard by Governor Jackson in his second proclamation calling for troops, that is, the proclamation calling for fifty thousand men to defend the State after the repudiation of the Price-Harney treaty made in May, 1861, under which the militia had been disbanded at Jefferson City. The assembling of the State Guard had been prevented and dispersed by General Nathaniel Lyon, on the 16th of June, at the first battle of Booneville. Brown had been at the first battle, and was much dissatisfied at its termination; he had therefore a natural desire to re-occupy that town. It was, besides, of great

strategic value, and if seized and held would not only be of material aid to General Price's project, but would, in some senses, make Lexington untenable by the three forces of the enemy. The Federals under Colonel Epstein, a German, had fortified the fair-grounds, which were situated on a bluff overlooking the Missouri River, just east of the city. Booneville at that time was a beautiful and prosperous city of about five thousand inhabitants, the most of whom were Southern in their sentiments and feelings. It had many German inhabitants, nearly all of whom were in the Home Guards or Gamble militia.

After about three hours' marching, it being late in the evening, Brown called a council of war to determine on plans for the capture of Booneville. Poindexter opposed any attack, as reckless and perilous. Brown overruled him, as he had resolved to make it at all hazards, and moved forward at once. The battalion marched all night in the rain, which had set in, much to the damage of the ammunition and arms, which were shotguns and squirrel-rifles. Colonel Brown carried a large hunter's horn, with which he occasionally blew a blast and aroused all the country along the line of march, an imprudence amounting to criminal folly. At the Lamine bridge, several miles from Booneville, so much noise was made that it aroused and frightened a Union man, who hurried to Booneville and gave the alarm. Epstein immediately put his troops under arms, and seized as hostages some fifteen of the best citizens, among them the Reverend Mr. Paynter, a Presbyterian clergyman, and Mr. William E. Burr, now President of the St. Louis National Bank. He marched his hostages to the fair-grounds, confined them in the fortifications, and placed them where they would be exposed to the Confederate fire.

Colonel Brown divided his forces into three parties, under command of himself, Captain Brown, and Major Poindexter. Mason Brown was to make a detour down the river and attack from the east, while Colonel Brown moved on them from the south. Poindexter was to attack from the west, or the side next the city, and all were to charge the works at the signal from the bugle. Epstein was not only entrenched in the fair-grounds, but his entrenchments were surrounded by a palisade some eight feet high, made of plank, nailed upright on horizontal stringers. The assault was made at day-break. Poindexter's division was delayed tearing an opening in the fence,

and were not up to time for a simultaneous attack. Colonel Brown led the charge in the center, and fell, mortally wounded, sounding his horn. Mason Brown's party was at first repulsed, for, Poindexter being slow, the enemy could concentrate their fire on the other two divisions. Hearing his brother sounding his horn, Mason understood it to be a signal calling him to his assistance. He drew off his force and hurried to the center, where he fell mortally wounded near the enemy's parapet. In the meantime Poindexter, with some loss, had forced the palisade fence and driven the enemy by storm out of a brick house, which stood conveniently near Epstein's works. They fell back into the entrenchments, with the loss of two killed and several wounded. From this house Poindexter was able to pour an effective fire on the enemy's garrison, being under cover himself. Brown still continued to sound his horn as he lay mortally wounded. His brother was mortally hurt near him, and Captain Allen, wounded with great severity, lay on the glacis near the palisade. At this juncture Epstein sent out a flag of truce. It being broad day Poindexter could recognize the bearers as some of the prisoners held as hostages. They called a parley. Poindexter ordered the firing to cease. The citizen prisoners begged Major Poindexter to withdraw his forces, for if he continued the attack they, the fifteen, would all be killed. To this the commander agreed, if Epstein would not interrupt or injure the Confederate wounded, to which the Federal commander consented, and Poindexter withdrew in good order. He was not molested or pursued in his retreat, and our wounded and dead were cared for by the citizens of Booneville without molestation. Colonel William Brown continued to sound his horn till after Poindexter's retreat, and it was taken from him when he was placed in the hands of the surgeons. He and his brother both died that day. Captain Allen, after a long struggle, recovered and was able to do gallant service till the end of the war.

I can give the names of some of the killed and wounded: Colonel William Brown and Captain Mason Brown, Saline County, and — Claybrook, Marion County, killed; H. C. Bell, Thomas Davis, Robert Thompson, J. W.

Allerberry, Monroe County, and Captain J. W. Allen, Saline County, wounded.

I am much indebted for some of the particulars of this affair to Captain Allen and to Lieutenant Allerberry, who lost a foot by amputation necessitated by his wounds. He now resides at Madison in Monroe County.

The conduct of Colonel Epstein in making our citizens prisoners to save his works from capture by assault was unjustifiable and wanting in humanity. We can not blame Poindexter for yielding to their importunity, and the fact that he withdrew in good order, without pursuit, evidenced that but for the impending fate of the hostages he would have compelled the surrender. The rashness of Colonel Brown, though illustrated by splendid and defiant courage, was fatal to the result. Poindexter could have made reprisals by the capture and imprisonment of Germans and Union men, but he forbore to do so. In no single instance did General Price ever authorize and countenance such extremities. The people in that vicinity were mostly Southern; and even avowed Union men, except the German element, were really in sympathy with the Jackson Government at that time. The German naturalized citizens could never comprehend the *then* established fact of the sovereignty of the States. They could not comprehend the doctrine of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798-99; and though foreigners and aliens, admitted as guests into our national household, they were implacable in their opposition to us, who had habilitated them with citizenship, and called us traitors.

The affair at Booneville was followed by valuable results. It showed how important were all the enemy's outposts, and how perilous was the navigation of the Missouri River for transports with supplies and reinforcements. But a few days afterward, on the 11th of September, General Tom Harris' division, under command of Colonel Martin Green, a body of recruits from the extreme northeastern part of the State, next to Iowa and Illinois, captured at Cambridge the steamboat Sunshine, crossed the Missouri in force, and made their junction with General Price before Lexington.

The news of Colonel Brown's attack on Booneville and his death reached us *en route* from Warrensburg to Lexington.

Richard H. Musser.

GENERAL TURNER ASHBY.



GENERAL TURNER ASHBY.*

AMONG the cavaliers who came from England to Virginia, in the old colonial times, were the ancestors of General Turner Ashby. For more than a hundred years the Ashbys have been famous in that portion of Virginia through which the majestic Blue Ridge lifts its towering peaks. That part of the range more renowned in history than any other takes its name of "Ashby's Gap" from his grandfather, who had distinguished himself even before the Revolution. In every generation they were remarkable for their daring feats, especially in horsemanship. It was Colonel John Ashby, the grandfather, who bore Washington's dispatch, containing the news of Braddock's defeat, from Winchester to Williamsburg, and returned with Governor Dunmore's reply before the English commandant supposed he had started on his journey. This same officer, after participating in the decisive battle with the Indians at Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Kanawha, in October, 1774, was among the first Americans to descend the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans. His

son, Colonel Turner Ashby, after distinguishing himself in the war of 1812, married Elizabeth P. Green, of Rappahannock County, Va. By industry and judicious investments he acquired considerable property, which passed at his death to his widow and children, among whom was the subject of this sketch. He was then only six years of age.

"Rose Bank," the old family homestead, stood upon an eminence in that section of Fauquier County rolling back from the Blue Ridge. Since it is conceded that nature's surroundings help to mold the character of a people, we may well imagine that the grand and picturesque scenery among which he spent his youth had much to do with impressing his mind and heart with those noble traits that so distinguished him in after life. It has been said of him that he was taught from his earliest boyhood, "like the young Medes in the days of Cyrus, to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth."

While availing himself of the opportunities afforded by his mother for acquiring an excel-

* From a steel engraving by Selby & Dulany, Baltimore.

lent education, his proficiency in all the more manly outdoor sports of the day rendered him conspicuous among his associates. He loved to follow the music of the chase, and was never deterred by the rugged cliff or the deep ravine; he was an expert marksman, whether with the shotgun, the pistol, or the rifle; but with all his manliness he was as kind and gentle as a woman. His heart overflowed with romance and sentiment. Before the terrible roar of the cannon demanded more serious thoughts, his sweet-toned serenade often crept with the moonbeams into beauty's bowers.

The memory of the tournament of olden times, when knight met knight in deadly conflict, has ever been kept alive in that section of Virginia by exhibitions of skill in horsemanship, unaccompanied with barbarous attacks upon the lives of the gallant riders. In the Virginia tournament the knight is required to urge his charger at full speed, to leap difficult hurdles, broad ditches, and high fences, and with his pointed lance to carry off small rings suspended in the air along the course. The most successful knight crowns the Queen of Love and Beauty; the next in order names her maids of honor. On these occasions Turner Ashby was in his element. His favorite character was that of an Indian chief, as the "Knight of Hiawatha," bedecked with Indian feathers, paint and beads, he would appear suddenly at the head of the track, mounted upon his prancing, jet-black stallion, when, without saddle and without bridle, he would go dashing along the course with the red man's warhoop upon his lips, guiding his fiery steed by the motion of his body, the pride of men, the idol of women.

But he was soon to be recalled from these chivalrous pastimes to help shape the events that were to make the history of his native State. On a Sunday night in October, 1859, John Brown, with his handful of deluded followers, crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry with the avowed purpose of inciting the slaves to massacre the whites among whom they lived. The Virginia that had retired to rest that Sabbath eve with peace and tranquility reigning throughout her borders was aroused in the morning with the terrible news of an invasion and insurrection. Her sons flew to the rescue from every quarter without even awaiting their Governor's command. Turner Ashby hastily formed a company of cavalry and marched to the scene of the disturbance. It was thus he

commenced his military life at the age of thirty-one years, having been born on the 28th of October, 1828.

Virginians could not at first realize that the few fanatics who had been stormed and captured by the United States marines were not to be followed and supported by other invaders. During the anxious weeks that intervened a regularly organized body of State troops was stationed along the Potomac. Ashby's cavalry did the picket duty. While thus engaged he first became acquainted with Major T. J. Jackson (Stonewall), who was there in command of the corps of cadets from the Virginia Military Institute; and then the foundation was laid for that mutual confidence which lasted until Ashby's death. Many serious consultations passed between them concerning their country's destiny. They both believed this was but the beginning of serious trouble between the States; yet, as the crisis approached, neither of them favored secession except as a last resort. Ashby supported Fauquier's distinguished representative in the Virginia convention in his efforts to obtain some guaranty under which the State could remain in the Union. It was said at the time that Virginia delayed too long in casting her lot with her Southern sisters; but, as the event now appears to us through the softening influences of a quarter of a century, it seems but natural she should hesitate to sever those ties she had done so much to create and strengthen. Her sons had been foremost in the war for independence that laid the foundation for the Federal Union; her sons had dictated the form of that compact which bound the States together; her sons, in a long line of succession, had administered the chief executive branch of the Federal Government; her son had led the soldiers gathered from all the States in their victorious march through Mexico; her son was then at the head of the Federal army. The seat of the Federal Government, sheltered beneath her very hilltops, had been, to a large extent, built up and cemented by the money and blood of her people. No wonder then that she hesitated to sever those ties! Her children of that day were wont to recount with commendable pride the part taken by their ancestors in the successive events that helped make the grandest government of the world. It was hard for men like the Ashbys to turn their backs upon the traditions of the past, and cast aside what they had been taught through generations to cherish. And yet when their representatives, in convention assembled,

passed the ordinance of secession, they rallied to the standard of the commonwealth with a unanimity and devotion that has never been surpassed.

Captain Turner Ashby had retained the organization of the company of cavalry with which he served during "John Brown's war." Immediately upon learning that Virginia had, on April 17, 1861, severed her allegiance to the Union, he hastily collected his command, and with that intuitive forethought which is ever the characteristic of military genius, marched rapidly to Harper's Ferry for the purpose of capturing the Federal arsenal and the machinery for the manufacture of arms at that point. He arrived there, with other State troops actuated by the same design, only to find that the United States officer in command, Lieutenant Catesby Jones, acting under the orders of his superiors, had set fire to the property and abandoned the post. But Ashby's men, in conjunction with others, succeeded in rescuing from the flames many guns and much valuable machinery, which were forwarded to Richmond.

General Harper, of the militia, was at first placed in command of all the State troops assembled here, but within a few days he was relieved by Colonel Thomas J. Jackson. This officer had promptly offered his services to the commonwealth, as he had done in 1859, and was at once ordered to the scene of his former service. He arrived at Harper's Ferry on the 29th of April, 1861, and assumed command of the post, which, at that time, was regarded as the point most threatened by the enemy. It is here that the Shenandoah flows into the Potomac. Harper's Ferry stands upon the tongue of land that constitutes the northwest angle between the two. It nestles down close to the river banks, while the towering mountains that surround it shut out the distant view. The united waters of the two streams have, at this point, in ages past, cut their way through the Blue Ridge, which stood in their course to the sea, leaving the overhanging mountain cliffs sullenly to watch their ceaseless flow. The beauty and sublimity of the surrounding scenery is unsurpassed.

But the possession of the town itself could only be retained by holding the surrounding heights. To this end Colonel Jackson sent a detachment to occupy the Maryland Heights on the northern side of the Potomac, and advanced his cavalry outposts along the river toward Washington as far as Point of Rocks,

with instructions to scout the adjacent country. To Captain Ashby's command was assigned this duty. These two officers had not met since their service together in 1859. What wonderful changes had been wrought in this brief space of time! What then seemed but a little cloud to threaten the peace of the commonwealth had assumed the dimensions of a fierce storm of invasion that was to spread death and destruction throughout her borders. Yet it was not a surprise to either of them. History records that Jackson anticipated it, and Ashby was often heard to say the war had really commenced with the John Brown raid. It was with no sudden impulse that either of them again drew the sword in defense of his native State. They had assumed their respective positions after calm reflection, and each brought to the discharge of his duties a serious, earnest devotion that made him conspicuous among his less thoughtful comrades. They at once recognized each other as kindred spirits, and a mutual confidence sprung up between them. He is not truly a military genius who does not readily discover the ability of others.

Before they could get their State troops well organized, Virginia became one of the Confederate States, and the new government sent General Joseph E. Johnston to take command of the district embracing Harper's Ferry, with Colonel J. E. B. Stuart as his chief of cavalry. Colonel Jackson, having been intrusted with the command by orders direct from General R. E. Lee, refused to relinquish it without instructions from the same officer, thus giving the first public exhibition of that rigid adherence to principles for which he soon became remarkable. It was about the 1st of June when the change was finally effected. About the same time Ashby was offered promotion in another direction, which he determined to accept. Taking with him his old company, he retired to Winchester to help Colonel A. W. McDonald, who had been commissioned by President Davis for this purpose, to organize a regiment of cavalry to be used along the border higher up the Potomac. That officer was a graduate of West Point and well qualified in every respect, save one, for the position to which he was appointed. His courage, ability, and patriotism were unquestionable, but old age and rheumatism unfitted him for active cavalry service. But his devotion to his native State urged him to make the effort, and his reputation and character enabled him soon to organize his regiment

from the best material in that section. In this he was greatly aided by the fact that Turner Ashby was to be the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. The ranks filled so rapidly that on the 17th of June, 1861, the organization was completed with ten companies of cavalry as gallant as ever made a charge. With these Colonel McDonald marched to the border through Hampshire County with the view of destroying all the important bridges along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and to press the enemy back across the Potomac. To this end several regiments of State troops were assigned him. His headquarters were established at Romney, while Lieutenant-Colonel Ashby with several companies of cavalry was stationed some distance to the right, with instructions to guard the river front. It was while thus engaged that he performed the first of those daring exploits that surrounded his name with a halo of romance.

His younger brother, Richard Ashby, who had succeeded him as captain of his old company, was sent with eleven men upon a scouting expedition along the railroad. They were suddenly met and charged by an overwhelming body of Federal cavalry and forced to retreat. While Captain Ashby's attention was occupied in firing upon his pursuers, he ran his horse into a cattle-guard on the track, and was thrown headlong upon the ground. Rising to his feet he turned upon the enemy and kept them off for a few minutes by his well-directed fire; but at length he fell severely wounded, and while lying helpless upon the ground received a thrust that caused his death within a week. Leaving him to die, the enemy, about one hundred in number, retired to an island in the Potomac, which was covered with driftwood and undergrowth.

Colonel Turner Ashby was at the same time scouting with a detachment of nine men. Having been informed that heavy firing had been heard in that direction, he hurried to the scene. He discovered the evidences of the recent skirmish, but did not find his brother, who had dragged himself off under the bushes and fainted away. Yet, surmising that some misfortune had befallen him, he turned upon the track of the enemy and rapidly traced them to their hiding place on the island. Without stopping to calculate the disparity in number and position he ordered a charge across the rocky ford. Ere the farther bank was reached two of his gallant men had fallen dead; yet undeterred he led the charge into

the very midst of the foe, yelling, with his clarion voice, "At them, boys, with your bowie-knives!"* The rapid crack of the pistol and the keen flash of the descending steel told of the terrible conflict. It was victory or death with every one of the little band. With his own hand Ashby slew three of the enemy; "he fought like a demon." After leaving dead upon the ground more than their assailants numbered, the Federals fled to the Maryland shore. Among the property captured Ashby found his brother's horse and spurs; this filled his heart with dire forebodings. He hurried back to the scene of the first skirmish. "He found his brother," as Dr. Dabney says, "mortally wounded and insensible, and, kneeling by his body, he raised his sword to heaven and made a sacred vow to consecrate his life afresh to delivering his country from the foe. From the day he paid his first sacrifice to the *manes* of his murdered brother, he appeared a changed man. More brave he could not be; but while he was, if possible, more kindly, gentle, and generous to his associates than before, there was a new solemnity and earnestness in his devotion to the cause of his country. He evidently regarded his life no longer his own, and contemplated habitually its sacrifice in this war. He was in his own eyes a man already dead to the world; his exposure of his person to danger became utterly reckless, and wherever death flew thickest, thither he hastened, as though he courted its stroke; yet his spirit was not that of revenge, but of high Christian consecration. To his enemies, when overpowered, he was still as magnanimously forbearing as he was terrible in the combat. Henceforward his activity, daring, and seeming immunity from wounds, filled the Federal soldiers with a species of superstitious dread. At the sound of his well-known yell, and the shout of 'Ashby!' from his men, they relinquished every thought of resistance, and usually fled without pausing to count the odds in their favor."

On the 17th of July, 1861, Colonel McDonald received orders to return with his command to Winchester. He arrived there on the evening of the 19th to find that General Johnston, with his whole army, had started on the morning of the 18th to reinforce Beauregard at

*This command was not merely to frighten the enemy. At the beginning of the war many of the volunteers carried bowie knives, it being justly regarded as a dangerous weapon in hand-to-hand conflicts.

Manassas. General Patterson, with a command of thirty-two thousand men, had been charged with the duty of detaining General Johnston in the Valley while McDowell destroyed Beauregard. It was therefore of the utmost importance to ascertain whether the Federal commander was aware of the concentration of the two armies on the plains of Manassas. So Ashby was directed to make a reconnaissance in force to learn the condition of affairs. He spent the whole of the 20th in the discharge of this duty. He not only made a display of his forces in front, but at times penetrated the enemy's lines from the flank. From his own personal observation he learned that Patterson's entire army was still in the Valley, which information was at once dispatched to the Confederate commanders at Manassas. Retiring under cover of the night, he too started with his cavalry, hoping to arrive in time to participate in the first great battle of the war. But the sound of the cannon on the next morning told him it was already raging. He urged his men forward, but did not arrive until the battle was ended. Had the victory been followed by a pursuit he would have been in time to help make it decisive; but as it was he could only regret that he had been deprived of the opportunity of sharing the glory of a battle in which his friend and comrade had won the undying name of "Stonewall."

After lingering a few days around the scene of the great battle, Colonel McDonald's entire command was ordered to report to General Robert E. Lee, in Western Virginia, but when they arrived at Staunton the order was countermanded, and he was directed to return to the lower Valley. He was again charged with the duty of guarding the Potomac. Taking with him two militia regiments and six companies of the cavalry, he marched to Romney, at which place he located his headquarters. The remaining four companies of cavalry and some militia were left under the immediate command of Lieutenant-Colonel Ashby, with headquarters at Charlestown. With these he was at first occupied in affording protection to the laborers engaged in removing the iron and rolling stock from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Occasionally the enemy would make excursions across the river, when sharp skirmishes would occur. On the other hand, to annoy them in their camp, he improvised a field-piece by mounting an old gun upon wagon-wheels and firing into their camps from the river heights. After the battle of Manassas

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General Patterson's army had been withdrawn from the Valley for the protection of Washington. But now another army under General Geary was being formed in and around Harper's Ferry to take its place. Anticipating an advance by this force, Lieutenant-Colonel Ashby marched out to meet it. He had with him four companies of cavalry from his own regiment, two others just organized in Jefferson County, some militia from the surrounding counties, and the gun heretofore mentioned. With these he started toward the enemy. Driving in their pickets and pressing back their outposts he found the body of General Geary's command still behind the fortifications at the Ferry. Nevertheless Ashby continued to advance, and capturing some vacant houses on Bolivar Heights, his militia, sheltered behind the walls, poured a galling fire into the enemy's works, while a regular bombardment was commenced with the old cannon. I say commenced, because the gunner had scarcely gotten the range and made a few effective shots, when the force of the rebound shattered the axletree and precipitated the gun to the ground. From his position Ashby could see that reinforcements were being rapidly forwarded to General Geary from the Maryland side. Supposing the Federals were preparing to advance, he withdrew to a neighboring hill, known as School-house Hill, a position from which he would be the better able to resist the superior number of the enemy. Here he remained in line of battle until dark, when, finding that General Geary was also standing upon the defensive, he placed his men in camp. During the night the Federals evacuated the Ferry, retiring into Maryland. The Confederates at once took possession, thus ending for that season the invasion from that direction.

The Confederate wounded had been sent back to the court-house in Charlestown. Reverend James B. Avirett, the faithful chaplain who has done so much to keep alive the memory of Ashby's noble deeds, gives the following account of a touching scene so characteristic of his distinguished chieftain:

"The writer well remembers that about nine o'clock in the evening after the fight, Ashby, passing the camp, rode into town, but upon no selfish errand. His dark figure passed on to the court-house, and he went in to visit his wounded. At every pallet he stooped down to speak words of cheer, ask when and how its occupant was wounded, and to learn what he could do for him. His tenderness and sympathy

thy will serve to account for the devoted attachment of those brave men with whom he won his fame."

What a picture we have here for the coming soldier! The commander of a little army, himself wearied with the fight and the march of the past day and anxious with the responsibilities of the morrow, can not close his eyes in slumber until he has in person ministered to the suffering wounded. The eye that flashes with the fire of battle, now softens with the impulses of humanity; the hand that hastens death in the heated conflict, now gently soothes the parched brow of the wounded. He who wishes the unquestioning devotion of his men must win their hearts as well as their admiration.

The next morning after this engagement an official report was forwarded to the Secretary of War, with the information that the Federal Government was organizing an army at Frederick City, Maryland, for the invasion of the Shenandoah Valley. Upon the receipt of this intelligence, General Jackson was detached from the army at Manassas and sent to take command of all the forces in the Valley of Virginia. Before he arrived, the forces under Colonel McDonald met with a disastrous defeat at Romney, for which that officer was not at all to blame. For weeks he had held this exposed position, driving back numerous raiding parties, protecting the property and persons of the citizens, and, at the same time, destroying over sixty miles of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It became important that the enemy should dislodge him; so, with an overwhelming force, they routed his militia and captured his baggage-train. He withdrew his men to Winchester, realizing that the disaster had created discontent among them. They attributed their defeat to the extreme old age of their commander. They thought they could do better under a younger and more active leader. They were attracted by the brilliancy of Ashby's achievements, whose star was in the ascendancy. No one had followed the exploits of the gallant young cavalry officer with a fonder pride than had his gray-haired commander. The old Colonel was too much of a patriot to injure his country's service, and too magnanimous to stand in the way of his friend's promotion. So immediately after General Jackson assumed command, on November 4, 1861, he requested to be relieved of his command, if the General thought it best for the good of the service. In compliance therewith, he was placed in command of the post at Winchester.

At the same time Ashby was, upon the recommendation of General Jackson, made his chief of cavalry with the rank of colonel. From that time forward, as said by Dr. Dabney, "to General Jackson he was eyes and ears. Ever guarding the outposts of his army with rare discretion and sleepless vigilance, he detected the incipient movements of the enemy; and his sobriety of mind, which was equal to his daring, secured implicit confidence in his reports."

Ashby appreciated the growing importance of artillery, and determined to have a battery attached to his own command. Fortunately, for him, he selected as captain of this company, R. Preston Chew, a mere boy of but eighteen years of age. Under his supervision the first battery of horse artillery ever used in the Confederate service was organized, consisting of three guns—one Blakely, one Tredegar, and one howitzer. From that day to Ashby's death he was his companion upon every battlefield and every skirmish line. With him he shared the honors as well as the dangers of the war; and when Ashby fell, the genius of the "Boy Captain" was quickly recognized by others. Step by step he was promoted until he reached the command of all the horse artillery connected with the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia.

General Jackson at once bent his energies toward recruiting and disciplining his army. In December he moved a portion of his command to the Potomac for the purpose of destroying dam No. 5, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. The workmen engaged in this work were greatly annoyed by the Federal sharpshooters. General Jackson placed a battery upon an eminence, and directed it to shell an old barn from behind which the enemy were firing. Several officers assembled near the guns to watch the effect; the Federal sharpshooters turned their attention to the group. General Jackson, noticing this, remarked that they had better retire, as they were drawing the fire of the enemy upon the gunners, and with this, he and his staff rode away. But Ashby remained, seated upon his white stallion, on the very crest of the hill, as if unconscious of the danger, although the bullets were whistling thick around him. Such conduct on his part was not at all infrequent; he did not appear at such times to be courting death, for he really seemed insensible to danger, and smiled as though the noise of battle was but music to his ear.

The dam was not completely demolished until the latter part of December. General Jackson then withdrew to Winchester to prepare for his campaign in Western Virginia. On the 1st day of January, 1862, with dry roads under foot and a mild sun overhead, he started across the mountains. Before night set in a cold, northwest wind was blowing and a blinding snow beating in their faces. Yet Jackson never for a moment hesitated; he was still determined, if possible, to surprise and capture the forces at Bath and Romney. The next morning the mountain roads were covered with sleet, and it seemed almost impossible to move the army. Colonel Cooke thus describes the march: "The weather had now become terrible, and the difficulties in the way of military movements almost insuperable. It has been truthfully said that Napoleon's passage of the Alps scarcely surpassed this march. Rain, snow, hail, and sleet beat upon the troops, who were without tents, overcoats, or blankets; and had it not been for the bivouac fires many of the soldiers must have perished." Ashby, with his cavalry, succeeded in keeping in the van, although the men were forced to walk and lead their horses. As they neared the town of Bath it was discovered the enemy were evacuating. Their departure was hastened by a charging squadron, which took possession of their entire camp equipage. They were pursued by the cavalry to the banks of the Potomac, and some prisoners captured. Here the enemy took shelter in the town of Hancock, on the Maryland side. The capture of this place had been included in General Jackson's original plans. So he marched a portion of his infantry to a point opposite it on the river, and placed his batteries in position. He then directed Colonel Ashby to cross over under a flag of truce and demand a surrender, or the removal of the women and children. Arriving upon the opposite shore, both soldiers and citizens crowded around the flag to get a glimpse of the "daring cavalry leader." He was blindfolded and taken to the headquarters of General Lander, the officer in command. He delivered his message, and received for his reply that the Federal commandant declined to accept either alternative. He was again blindfolded and returned to the river, where he was allowed to depart in safety. During that day and a part of the next the town was shelled, but with no result, except that the enemy were constantly receiving reinforcements.

Seeing he could not capture the place without charging across the river, thus exposing his men to the dangers of the enemy's guns, and the chilling waters besides, he withdrew his forces and directed his march toward Romney. General Kelley was stationed there with ten thousand men, a larger army than Jackson had started with from Winchester. This march was but a repetition of the hardships that had preceded it. The delays were so great that news of the approaching Confederates reached General Kelley² two days in advance of their arrival. He did not await the attack from the infantry, but retired before Ashby's cavalry, leaving his tents standing and a large amount of army stores.

General Jackson having driven the enemy from all that section of Virginia, left General Loring with his brigade to protect it, with headquarters at Romney. With the remainder of his little army he returned to Winchester, forty miles distant. He reached that point on January 24th. Then occurred that disaffection in the detachment left at Romney that caused the interference of the Secretary of War, and came very near losing to the Confederacy the services of General Jackson. But this misunderstanding was adjusted in a manner satisfactory to him before the enemy in his front moved from their winter quarters. As the March winds began to dry the roads, the Federal advance commenced. General Banks, with thirty-five thousand men, was approaching by way of Harper's Ferry, and General Lander, with eleven thousand more, was crossing the mountains from the West. General Jackson had altogether only about four thousand men with which to confront them. Yet, at first, he determined not to withdraw without a fight. He therefore marched out in front of Winchester to give them battle. General Banks had crossed the Potomac on the 26th of February, but it was not until the 11th of March that he reached the immediate vicinity of Winchester. Ashby, with his cavalry and battery of horse artillery, had contested every foot of the way. About two o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th, his cavalry were pressed back within four miles of the town. Reinforcements were sent from the infantry and these in turn were compelled to retire. The whole Confederate force was then thrown forward, and

²This officer was subsequently captured by a company of Confederates that dashed across the bridge at Cumberland, Maryland, taking him from his bed at night, while sleeping in the midst of his army.

battle offered to the enemy. But General Banks declined the proffer for that day at least. During the night General Jackson withdrew his men back beyond Winchester, leaving Ashby's command alone. The next morning the Federals advanced to take possession of the town: Ashby sullenly retired before them. It was the first visit of the enemy to this ancient town, the records of which bore honorable mention of the exploits of his grandfather. We may well imagine what thoughts flitted through his mind and caused his heart to throb as he remained behind, seated on his snow-white stallion, to witness the movements of the invading foe. The enemy determined to capture the daring horseman. With this

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

view they sent two men to pass through a by-street and obtain a position in his rear. Ashby acted as if he had not noticed their strategy. The column of the enemy advanced upon him. He stood his ground until they were within two hundred yards of his position. Then, waving his sword above his head and giving his battle cry, dashed away under a shower of bullets. He saw the two men that had been selected to intercept him standing across his path at the edge of the town. Drawing his pistol he charged upon them at full speed. At his first shot one of them fell dead. Seizing the other by the throat as he passed, he dragged him from his horse and carried him a prisoner into the Confederate lines.

A. E. Richards.

THE RESOLUTIONS OF 1798 AND 1799.

THERE seems to have been a theoretical nullification and a practical both in the Kentucky resolutions and in the understanding of Kentuckians—a theory that looked for relief from an oppressive, unconstitutional act of Congress, beyond the lines of the Constitution, but a practice that kept within its barriers; a practice that met existing conditions with an adequate quantity of the nullifying element, and a theory that was broad enough for other conditions that might occur in the future. Whether the resolutions were drawn with such an intended latitude of interpretation need not be here discussed, but the letter of Mr. Jefferson to Mr. Madison, November 17, 1798, and that to Wilson C. Nicholas, September 5, 1799, are not averse to such a view. The following radical words, at the close of the 8th resolution of the Jefferson draft, "And will each take measures of its own for providing that neither these acts nor any others of the General Government, not plainly and intentionally authorized by the Constitution, shall be exercised within their respective territories," never got into the Kentucky resolutions, and hence left them wanting something of the Jefferson open resistance nullification.

In the resolutions passed at the Kentucky county meetings of 1798 and 1799, in the letter of George Nicholas to his friend in Virginia, November 10, 1798, in the action of the Kentucky Legislature, January 16, 1810, de-

clining the proposition of Pennsylvania for an amendment to the Constitution providing an impartial tribunal to determine disputes between the General Government and the States, in the message of Governor Desha, December 14, 1825, and that of Governor Metcalf, December 8, 1829, and in the resolutions of the legislature, drawn by James T. Morehead, January 27, 1830, although the theoretical view was not forgotten in some instances, the practical largely predominated. To censure unconstitutional acts, to protest against them, to petition for their repeal, and to ask the co-operation of sister States abound in the politics of the State, while declarations of open resistance are few and shadowy. If the answers of a majority of the States to the resolutions of 1798 had been friendly instead of hostile, the resolutions of 1799 might have been different; but what they might have been is conjecture and not history. Governor Desha, in his message of 1825, used pretty strong language about the right of a State to oppose an unconstitutional act of Congress, and so did Senators Rowan in 1830 and Bibb in 1833 in their great speeches against the Supreme Court as the final arbiter between the General and State Governments, but Kentucky took no steps toward open resistance, and on the 2d of February, 1833, put herself on record, in a series of resolutions drawn by Thomas F. Marshall, plainly against the nullification of South Carolina.

In the debate on the resolutions of 1798 Mr. Breckinridge did not state, in so many words, that a majority of the States might nullify an act of Congress. What he said was this: "If, upon the representations of the States from whom they derive their powers, they should, nevertheless, attempt to enforce them, I hesitate not to declare it as my opinion that it is then the right and duty of the several States to nullify these acts and to protect their citizens from their operation. But I hope and trust such an event will never happen, and that Congress will always have sufficient virtue, wisdom, and prudence, upon the representation of a *majority of the States*, to expunge all obnoxious laws whatever." The inference from this language can hardly be deemed violent, that Mr. Breckinridge held that if a majority of the States deemed an act of Congress unconstitutional and oppressive, and petitioned Congress to repeal it, and Congress still persisted in the obnoxious law, it would then be the right and the duty of this majority of States to declare the law null and void, and protect their citizens against it.

And if such a state of things had occurred at that period, what would those who held to the Supreme Court as the final and only interpreter of laws under the Constitution have done about it? If we contemplate our country as it then existed, and assume that South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, a majority of the States, have, in response to the Kentucky resolutions of 1798, protested against the alien and sedition laws, and petitioned Congress for their repeal; that Congress, disregarding these remonstrances, have re-enacted these laws instead of suffering them to expire, and that these nine States have thereupon passed ordinances nullifying these laws and protecting their citizens against them, we shall have a practical illustration of the nullification of an unconstitutional act of Congress by a majority of the States. And might it not have been thus without treason, rebellion, secession, or revolution? Congress might simply have learned that when, in the exercise of un-

delegated powers, they passed and persisted in unconstitutional laws that were deemed oppressive in a majority of the States, they might expect the assertion of that reserved sovereignty in the States which it was their intention to yield to "no man or body of men on earth." That august body might have felt humiliated by the result, and yet some good as well as evil come of it then, as it may again in the future. Our country is yet young, and we know not what long years and their changes may bring to its destiny. The future may unfold conditions in which the wisest statesmen and the truest patriots may deem it politic for



JOHN BRECKINRIDGE.

a majority of the States to assert their right to make null and void an oppressive act of Congress which the Supreme Court has failed to declare repugnant to the Constitution, or which it has not been practicable to bring before that tribunal.

It was not the purpose of this article, however, to enter into a discussion of the doctrine of nullification. Neither was it the intention to smooth over or explain away this doctrine as it lies imbedded in the Kentucky resolutions. Mr. Madison, when he had become an octogenarian, began writing explanatory letters to Everett and others in which he seems to

have labored to tone down to shadowy hues the image of nullification as others saw it in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions. How he could have written such things, and exempted Mr. Jefferson from the doctrine of nullification, with his original draft of the Kentucky resolutions before him, is a mystery. We must accept, as far as we can, his explanation of the Virginia resolutions, and the report thereon written by himself, but so far as his latter-day writings embrace the Kentucky resolutions and the Jefferson draft thereof his gossamer coating of subtle logic is too thin to conceal the nullification plainly visible beneath. It would have been better to let the language and the facts speak for themselves, as they had for a third of a century, in the ordinary and accepted significance with which they originally passed into history.

It is possible that the first resolution of the Kentucky series of 1798, which is the same in the Jefferson set, embodies the doctrine of nullification without containing the specific term. If the States have the right, when Congress assume undelegated powers and pass unauthorized laws, to judge of both "the mode and measure of redress," they could hardly do more under the panoply of the magic word. But this resolution has been shorn of some of its power by the garbled form in which it has appeared since it went forth from the Kentucky Legislature. Without noticing errors which have appeared in newspapers and fugitive publications and campaign documents, attention may be called to Elliot's Debates, second edition, volume iv, and to the second edition of his pamphlet, published at Washington in 1832. From these works, which have done so much to circulate these resolutions incorrectly, are omitted the following words, which occur in the 18th line of the 1st resolution of 1798, to wit, "its co-states forming as to itself the other party." Why these important words were omitted, and by whom, and for what purpose it was first done can not be here discussed. It is one among the many errors and blunders connected with these resolutions which the reader may himself correct, now that a reliable copy has been laid before him.

But it may be asked, what is the evidence of the reliability of the Kentucky resolutions of 1798, from which the fac-simile has been taken for this article? The fires which consumed the capitol at Frankfort, in 1813, 1824, and 1825, are known to have destroyed most of

the early records, and among them the originals of these resolutions, preserved by the State. Why then must the copy from which this fac-simile has been produced be accepted as authentic, when to do so makes it necessary to discard as unreliable so many other forms in which these resolutions have appeared? This question, though self-asked, is both natural and pertinent, and shall have the answer of the facts in the case.

In 1833 James D. Breckinridge, a nephew of John Breckinridge, and member of the Seventeenth Congress, in 1821-22, after having accumulated a large fortune at the Louisville bar, of which he was a distinguished member, retired from the practice. His books and papers were packed in boxes and placed in the third story of a house he owned on Third Street, where they remained; and after his death, in 1849, were so far forgotten by his representatives that they were sold at the end of fifty years for the rent of the last tenant who occupied the building. From this sale came into the possession of the writer, among other valuable books and papers, the copies of the resolutions 1798 and 1799, and the Jefferson draft used in this article. Knowing the importance of the resolutions thus obtained, the writer compared those of 1798, about which existed serious questions of dispute, with the originals in the acts and journals of the Kentucky Legislature for 1798 and 1799, and with the contemporaneous publications of them in the *Palladium* and *Kentucky Gazette*, in the former of which they appeared November 13th, and in the latter November 14, 1798, and found them to correspond with these publications. This comparison settled the correctness of the text, but still left undetermined whether the copy obtained from the Breckinridge sale was in the precise form of those officially issued by the Kentucky Legislature. This last doubt was solved while the writer was in the city of Boston last summer. Knowing that fifty copies of these resolutions had been provided by the Kentucky Legislature for Governor Garrard to send to the different States, and that they had been sent, the writer went into the office of the Secretary of State of Massachusetts to examine the copy there. Through the politeness of Henry J. Cooledge, the Deputy Secretary of State, the Massachusetts copy was found, accompanied by a letter of Harry Toulmin, Secretary of State for Kentucky, dated November 21, 1798, stating that the copy had been inclosed by order of the Gov-

ernor of Kentucky to the Governor of Massachusetts. It was clear, therefore, that the Massachusetts copy was one of the originals officially sent by Kentucky to that State. By the kindness of Mr. Coolidge, the writer was permitted to take a photograph of this copy for the purpose of comparing it with the one obtained from the Breckinridge sale. This comparison having shown the two copies to be precisely alike in form, size, and every detail, it was not difficult to conclude that the copy obtained at the Breckinridge sale was one of the originals issued by Kentucky. Hence a fac-simile of it was taken for this article without the shadow of a doubt that the copy here used is one of the original thousand issued by the legislature of Kentucky, under a resolution of the House of Representatives, passed November 17, 1798. It is hardly necessary to add that the accuracy of the resolutions of 1799, and of the Jefferson draft, were subjected to equally convincing tests before they were used for this article.

SKETCH OF JOHN BRECKINRIDGE.

From what has gone before, it must be conceded that John Breckinridge stands not as he should appear in the history of his country. Cut off in the prime of life, when his early-earned fame was but beginning to fill the national ear, he left his good works to the keeping of successors who have scarcely used them well. Had he been allotted the wonted years of the great men of the world, there was no height in his country's ascent which he might not have attained and honored; but as it was he flashed across the political horizon, a meteor brilliant but ephemeral, to be admired for a moment and forgotten. After he had passed from the scenes of his usefulness and the blue grass of Cabell's Dale had formed the sod of years over his grave, Kentucky's most gifted artist, Matthew Harris Jouett, who had known him while living, painted his portrait and preserved, for all time, his appearance in life. By the permission of Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, who also furnished the original letter from Mr. Jefferson to J. Cabell Breckinridge, the Jouett portrait was copied for the writer by Rudolph Boccassini, an Italian artist. An engraving from this copy of the likeness and another from a photograph of Cabell's Dale accompany this article, a fitting conclusion to which will be the leading events in the life of John Breckinridge which here follow:

Among the Covenanters of Ayrshire, who made the religious conflicts of Scotland famous in the seventeenth century, were the Breckinridges. Driven from their native plains to the highlands by the victorious arms of persecution, they finally crossed the North Channel and took refuge in Ireland. In 1728 Alexander Breckinridge emigrated to America, and after remaining for a short time in Pennsylvania, finally settled on his plantation in Augusta County, Virginia, near the present city of Staunton, where he became the progenitor of the family in this country. His son, Colonel Robert Breckinridge, who had married Lettice, the oldest daughter of Colonel John Preston, was residing upon this place when his son, John Breckinridge, the subject of this sketch, was born, the 2d day of December, 1760. The land of his birth, therefore, embraced that of his death, for Augusta County, as it then extended in its vast occidental sweep to the Mississippi, not only comprehended all of Kentucky, but the greater part of the immense territory out of which Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, etc., have since been carved.

While but an infant his father moved to the county of Bottetourt, where he died in 1771. Here, still in the midst of his native mountains, the Blue Ridge to the east and the Alleghanies to the west, his childhood and youth passed into manhood with the pinching wants and the appalling dangers of a frontier life never from his surroundings. The care of a widowed mother and half a dozen little brothers and sisters devolved upon his tender years and early developed that strong character and great intellect for which he was distinguished in after life.

His early education could have derived but little advantage from the pioneer schools of Bottetourt, where a seminary was not established until 1785; and whatever instruction he enjoyed was due rather to a provident mother and private assistants. His natural inclination, however, early directed his attention to books, and throughout life his thirst for knowledge was insatiable. His education was completed at the College of William and Mary, where tradition affirms that his studious habits were twice disturbed by elections to the House of Burgesses from Bottetourt before he had become old enough to take his seat. A third election seated him in the House, then removed from Williamsburg to Richmond, which must have been in 1781, when he had reached the age of twenty-one, as his name first appears in the journal of

the House of that year. He was again elected for the years 1783 and 1785, and it was something to have been a member of the Virginia Legislature and to have had part in the making of her laws during the last dark years of the war for independence and the first bright ones of peace. It was peculiarly opportune for Mr. Breckinridge to have been a member of that legislature in the year 1781, when the first act was passed to cede to the General Government the Northwest Territory, out of which Kentucky's neighboring States, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio were afterward formed; to have been a member of that body in 1783, when Transylvania University, Kentucky's first seat of learning, was established, and to have set with those who, in 1785, passed the first enabling act allowing Kentucky to separate from Virginia and become an independent State.

In 1785 he married Mary Hopkins, a daughter of Colonel Joseph Cabell, and settled in Albemarle County for the practice of the law. He was now near the residence of Mr. Jefferson, with whom relations, social, professional, and political soon grew up of the most intimate and lasting kind. His practice extended over a broad range of country, and he rose to such eminence that in 1791, on the recommendation of Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, he was commissioned, by President Washington, attorney for the district of Kentucky, then a part of Virginia. His professional duties compelled him to decline the position thus tendered him, but it was not long before Governor Lee again recognized his legal standing by retaining him in 1792 as counsel to assist the State attorney in prosecuting delinquent collectors of the revenues in the county of Augusta.

In February, 1792, he was elected to Congress for the district composed of the counties of Albemarle, Amherst, Fluvanna, Goochland, Louisa, Spottsylvania, Orange, and Culpeper, but the professional engagements which compelled him to decline the district attorneyship for Kentucky also induced him to forego the opportunity of distinction and usefulness in the National Legislature. His thoughts were, no doubt, already fixed upon a field of action far to the west of his native mountains, where the rich valley of the beautiful Ohio, with its young life and splendid prospects, invited to fame and to fortune such intellects and characters as his.

In 1793 he bade farewell to the friends and

scenes of his early years, and, with his wife and three tender children—Letitia, half a dozen years old, and Joseph and Mary yet younger—mounted on pack-horses, with provisions for the journey and such of his movables as could be thus transported, led the little caravan along blazed traces and winding ways, a distance of five hundred miles, to Lexington, the principal village then in Kentucky, containing about one thousand inhabitants. But the charms of the marvelous country around soon wooed him from the town. Six miles to the northward, on a branch of the

"Fair Elkhorn,
Surrounded by groves of the milk-white thorn,
And papaw with long and silvery stem,
And dog-wood of beautiful diadem;
Green meadows with antlered deer yet dotted,
And lawns with flowers the loveliest spotted,"

he secured two thousand five hundred acres of land in the primeval woods. The native trees that grew upon it indicated the rich soil from which they sprung, and showed that it had been selected by an experienced eye—an eye that sought a soil that would generously reward the labor of man. There, among the century-grown maples and hickories and hackberries and cherries and buckeyes, stood the towering blue ash and the giant black walnut and the huge black locust, never varying indexes of the richest of soils. Wherever there was a break in the dense forest that let in the sunlight, the wild rye and the clover struggled for ascendancy, and the pea-vines rambled among canes that matted the earth, while the papaw flourished in the shadows of the great trees. The crumbling mounds, thrown up by human beings so far back in the inscrutable past as to have left neither name nor tradition, appeared here and there, suggesting that even at a time inconceivably remote such a land had not been overlooked by man. But fair as it seemed it was not yet a home of safety, for the Indian, who had come after the mound-builder and kept it as his hunting ground, stole into its wilds when he dared for the life of those who had wrested it from him.

Here Mr. Breckinridge erected a two-story, double log house, very far in advance of the pioneer cabin, and gave to the place the name of Cabell's Dale. The family name of his wife furnished the first part of the compound word, and a valley that drained into the Elkhorn and afforded a delightful view from the front door along its gentle and extended decline supplied

LAW OFFICE OF JOHN BRECKINRIDGE, "CABELL'S DALE."⁶

the second. In the corner of the lawn to the left of his house a law office was erected, and here, in after years, the great lawyer had his books and his papers, and received the clients for whom he conducted a large and lucrative practice that extended through most of the surrounding counties. The dwelling-house was swept away by fire in 1850, and the original estate, reduced to one tenth of its dimensions and owned by Colonel Joseph C. Breckinridge, of the army, has been converted into one vast and beautiful bluegrass pasture; but the law office yet remains, a quaint, one-story, weather-boarded structure, with the door and chimney at the front gable end, and a window in each of its sides, carrying us back to a time when learned counsellors, like the barons of old, dispensed the law on their plantations instead of in the centers of trade as in our day. In this venerable office assembled the students who sought Mr. Breckinridge's instruction in the law, and one of them, General Robert B. McAfee, has left the following account of this pioneer Kentucky Law School, in his autobiography, of which the writer has a manuscript copy:

"Mr. Breckinridge had, at this time, some eight or ten students under him, and among them Christopher Tompkins (afterward Judge Tompkins, of Barren County), who had lived in his office several years, and occupied the place I had expected previous to my father's death; his son, Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, about my own age, Mr. Marshall, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, a fine-looking young man, but extremely diffident, Mr. Fowler, from Pennsylvania also, Mr. William Stephenson, David Allen, from Virginia, and myself, to whom was afterward added John Brown, of Tennessee, a nephew of Major Russell. . . . The students, under Mr. Breckinridge, were required to attend every other Saturday at his office for examination, and we established a debating society the other two Saturdays in each month; and soon after Mr. Breckinridge established a moot court on the days of our examinations so that our whole time was fully employed, and we were assiduously devoted to our studies, and great emulation existed."

Here, then, was a law school on the farm of Mr. Breckinridge, six miles from Lexington, and yet further from any other important town, with students not only from Kentucky, but from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Tennessee. It had its line of studies marked out, its examinations, its moot court, and its debating society; and with the teaching of law thus conducted we need not wonder that many of the

⁶From a photograph taken in 1884.

early lawyers of Kentucky were marked men in their profession.

In 1794, although Mr. Breckinridge had been in Kentucky but little more than a year, he had made such a reputation that he was put forward by the Republicans as a candidate for the United States Senate. The election was to fill the place made vacant by John Edwards, who had fallen into the second class into which the Senators were divided under the Constitution, and went out at the end of four instead of six years. The Republicans, although largely in the majority in Kentucky, had become disgusted with the insolent conduct of their friend Genet and his French satellites in the West, and were not as well pleased as they had been with some of the French proceedings of the Democratic Club of which Mr. Breckinridge was president, and, above all, had been divested of much of their hostility to the administration of General Washington by the victory of General Wayne at Falling Timbers. They therefore, in the changed feelings of the moment, permitted the Federalists to send Humphrey Marshall to the Senate. Mr. Marshall was a pronounced Federalist, and himself attributed his election to "the good temper of this assembly to the General Government."

In 1795 Governor Shelby appointed him to the office of Attorney-General of Kentucky, a position first filled by George Nicholas, and from this time until his death his services were principally devoted to the public. He was a member of the Kentucky Legislature during the January and November sessions of 1798, and the November sessions of 1799 and 1800. On the 4th of November, 1799, he was elected Speaker of the House by a vote of thirty-six to eleven over William Garrard, the member from Bourbon, and on the 3d of November, 1800, he was unanimously re-elected to the same important position. His career in the State legislature connected his name with some of the wisest laws that have ever emanated from that body; and if he had done nothing but lead, as he did, in the abolishing of capital punishment for the long list of crimes for which it was previously inflicted, he would have done enough, as a legislator, to embalm his memory in the everlasting remembrance of humanity and civilization. It is shocking to think that, previous to the passage of the Kentucky act of February 10, 1798, persons were doomed to death in this State, as they had been in other States by the same bloody code derived from England, for theft, robbery, burglary, man-

slaughter, maiming, arson, perjury, forgery, counterfeiting, horse-stealing, embezzling, larceny, and other crimes and misdemeanors too numerous to mention. The death penalty extended to no less than one hundred and sixty offenses, all of which were swept away by the enlightened benevolence of the act of 1798, and murder only, in the first degree, retained.

His connection with the celebrated resolutions of 1798 and 1799, while a member of the Kentucky Legislature, has already been noticed and need not be repeated here. The *fac simile* of the letter from Mr. Jefferson to J. Cabell Breckinridge, which appeared at the beginning of this article, with the post-mark of Charlottesville and the frank of the author, should settle forever the long-disputed question as to whom that letter was written. There never should have been any doubt on this subject, and there never would have been among those conversant with Kentucky history except for the unfortunate blunder of Mr. Jefferson's executor in first giving that letter to the public as if addressed "To — Nicholas." This mistake, once made by Mr. Randolph, however, soon passed into history, and even as late as 1885 McMaster marred the second volume of his history of the people of the United States by making George Nicholas seem to do what John Breckinridge really did. George Nicholas was not in Virginia in the fall of 1798, and was not a member of the Kentucky Legislature of 1798 or 1799. He could not therefore have been at the Monticello conference when the resolutions of 1798 were originated, and he could not have offered them in a legislative body of which he was not a member. With the name John Breckinridge substituted for the words "your father," in the 20th, 25th, 39th, 44th, and 52d lines, this letter will read right, and it can not be otherwise read in accordance with the truth of history. Although Mr. Jefferson made several mistakes in this letter, he was too familiar with the local history of Kentucky and the status of his friends there to have committed the blunder of placing George Nicholas instead of John Breckinridge in the legislature which adopted these resolutions. George Nicholas was a great and good man, of whose talents, learning, and character Kentuckians are justly proud, and his fame needs no borrowed honors of this kind. He and John Breckinridge were personal and political friends, and if he were now living he would be among the first to correct these historic blunders as to his connection

with the Kentucky resolutions. He was an open and able advocate of the principles set forth in these resolutions in speeches at Lexington and Bryant's Station in 1798, and in an address to the people published in 1799, and so expressed himself in his letter to a friend in Virginia, justifying the conduct of the citizens of Kentucky and correcting false statements which had been made in different States with regard to them, published at Lexington in 1798.

If further proof were necessary to establish the fact that this letter of Mr. Jefferson was written to a son of John Breckinridge instead of to a son of George Nicholas, it might be found in the letter of J. Cabell Breckinridge addressed to Mr. Jefferson, and to which the letter of Mr. Jefferson was a direct answer. As this letter, with the answer of Mr. Jefferson, is conclusive of the disputed question, it is here given in full from the copy found among the papers of J. Cabell Breckinridge, and now in the possession of Honorable W. C. P. Breckinridge.

LETTER FROM J. CABELL BRECKINRIDGE TO
THOMAS JEFFERSON.

FRANKFORT, November 19, 1821.

Dear Sir: If I had not experienced the effects of your candour and obliging indulgence on a former occasion, and on a subject connected with the memory of my father, I should feel an insuperable reluctance to trouble you with this letter. A very brief narrative will explain its object.

In the *Richmond Enquirer* of September 4th, in an editorial stricture on certain articles that had appeared in the *National Intelligencer*, the writer, in support of his principles, refers to the authority of your name and opinion, and expresses himself in the following words:

"We protested against 'putting Mr. J. forth as chief of a new party,' and that the doctrine we held on the great question of supremacy in cases of collision between the governments was the doctrine of the old Republican party, of Mr. Madison's report of '98, and of the Kentucky resolutions penned by Mr. J. himself."

Well knowing that the resolutions here alluded to were introduced into the legislature of Kentucky by my father, as his own production, I was greatly astonished by the assertion of the editor. Convinced as I am that the mover of the resolutions would not have consented thus to appropriate the labors even of his illustrious friend, I did believe the assertion to be untrue.

To a man, the measure of whose fame and usefulness is full, an occurrence like the present may be regarded with indifference. But when you remember that the providence of God arrested at an early period the auspicious career of him whose loss I have cause so deeply to deplore, you will excuse, nay, approve the sensibility which I feel on every subject

connected with his just renown. If I am not deceived in the temper of the times, the day is at hand when the struggle of '98 is to be renewed with decisive characteristics of consolidating intent, and these States are to maintain a second contest for the purity and extent of their ancient rights. At such a crisis, involving the safety and perpetuity of some of the most sacred principles of American freedom, the recollection of similar events, the corresponding sentiments and acts of departed patriots, will be revived with peculiar interest and powerful effect; and I can distinctly perceive the value of your written declarations to insure justice to the memory of one, whom living, you largely contributed to exalt.

Believing that I can not give a better evidence of the sincerity and respect of the present application than by omitting all formal and affected apologies for having made it, I hasten to assure you of my high consideration, and to offer you my sincerest wishes for your continued health and happiness.

J. CABELL BRECKINRIDGE.

Mr. Jefferson made a mistake as to the date of this letter in his answer. As the answer was dated December 11th, of course the letter to which it was an answer could not have borne a subsequent date. Mr. Jefferson simply wrote December when he meant November. This mistake, however, was small in comparison to that of his claim to the unqualified authorship of the Kentucky resolutions. While his language would embrace the resolutions of 1799 as well as those of 1798, he expressly disclaims any hand in those of 1799 in his letter to Wilson C. Nicholas, of September 5, 1799. If Mr. Jefferson, in his answer, had stated that he and Wilson C. Nicholas and John Breckinridge had conferred about the Kentucky resolutions, that he had accordingly drawn a set and delivered them to John Breckinridge, under a pledge of secrecy that his connection with them was not to be made public, but that John Breckinridge, before offering them to the Kentucky Legislature, had materially altered them, and made them practically his own, his answer thus shaped would have been more conformable to the facts and more generous and just.

John Breckinridge was a member of the convention which assembled at Frankfort on the 22d of July, 1799, and formed the second constitution of Kentucky. He was the leading member of this convention, and more than any other man imparted to the second constitution the Democratic character which it assumed in departing from the Federal spirit of the first. He was to the constitution of 1799 what George Nicholas had been to that of 1792, the designer and the molder of the form it assumed. This second constitution was better adapted to the genius of our people than the

first, was far more enduring, and met the wants of a growing population for half a century. Its successor, the third organic law, formed by the convention of 1849, has not yet endured so long, and probably will not, with the growing demands for a new one more congenial to the times.

On the 20th of November, 1800, Mr. Breckinridge was elected to the United States Senate, the vote for him in the Kentucky Legislature being sixty-eight against thirteen for John Adair. He took his seat at the opening of the Seventh Congress, December 7, 1801, and carried with him such a reputation that he at once took a leading part in the measures of the Republican party and the administration of Mr. Jefferson. After his kind heart had, on the last day of 1801, presented the petition of Isaac Zane, asking something for lands taken by the government, on the Miami, which the Wyandot Indians, who had made him a prisoner at the age of nine and reared to manhood, assigned him out of which to make a living, he gave notice on the 4th of January that he would, on the following Wednesday, move for the order of the day that part of the President's message relating to the judiciary. Accordingly, on the 6th he offered a resolution to repeal the act, passed at the last session, creating sixteen new United States Circuit Court judges. A long and able debate of a month's duration followed, in which Mr. Breckinridge took a leading part, and showed himself the peer of the conspicuous senators of his day. On the 3d of February the vote was taken, and the sixteen judges repealed out of office. Thus passed away the sixteen United States judges whom the Republicans charged the Federalists had unnecessarily seated for party purposes; and thus was established the precedent, that a United States Circuit judge clothed with the ermine by the act of one Congress may be disrobed by the act of a subsequent Congress. The doctrine thus inaugurated had an illustration in Mr. Breckinridge's own State during the controversy between the old Kentucky Court of Appeals and the new, when the new court judges put into office by the act of 1824 were unseated by a repeal of the act in 1826.

Important as Mr. Breckinridge's action was on the judiciary question, it was overshadowed by his connection with the Louisiana Territory and the grand results which followed the acquisition of that vast domain. In the Louisiana acquisition, as on the judiciary question, he in-

augurated the movement and advanced in the lead until the glorious work was accomplished. The message of President Jefferson, detailing what had been done toward acquiring Louisiana, was read in the Senate on the 17th day of October, 1803, and on the 21st Mr. Breckinridge gave notice that he would, on the next day, ask leave to bring in a bill to enable the Executive to take possession of that country. His bill was accordingly introduced and read on the 22d, after a supplementary message from the President, and ordered to a second reading. On the 24th it was read a second time, and referred to a committee consisting of himself, Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey, and Abraham Baldwin, of Georgia. On the 25th he reported it from the committee without amendment; and on the 26th it was passed by a vote of twenty-six to six. Up to this point all was smooth enough, but when the bill went to the House and came back with amendments a protracted debate ensued, which did not end until the 3d of November, when the bill finally passed with the amendments by a vote of twenty-six to five.

In this animated discussion Mr. Breckinridge handled his adversaries with consummate skill and displayed his great powers of argument with signal effect. He argued the right to acquire Louisiana in the treaty-making power of the United States, but forgot not to connect it also with that national necessity which demanded the mouth of the great Mississippi River as an outlet to the sea for the products of citizens domiciled upon its tributaries as well as the main stream itself. He had lived in the Mississippi Valley where Spanish intrigues had hopefully gathered around the wild schemes of the Land Companies of the Yazoo Country, and the ephemeral State of Frankland and the permanent commonwealth of Kentucky, with the tempting bait of loaded ships and barges and keels freely gliding with the mighty current to the Gulf. He had talked with the wise and good of the West who, looking to the east, and seeing no way over mountain walls for the produce of the country, while countless navigable streams rolled waters capable of floating the commerce and armaments of the world to the Mississippi, and thence to the Gulf, wondered why they could not follow their own streams to the ocean, or why foreign fortifications and custom-houses should arrest their vessels at the mouth of a river of which they owned one of the shores and both banks of its principal tributaries! He had seen enough of

the effects of Spanish, English, and French intrigues upon the people to satisfy him that his own State, and indeed none of the Mississippi Valley could be deemed safe in the Union without the free navigation of this great river, and hence his masterly argument on the Louisiana question looked to the necessity of acquiring territory holding the mouth of the Mississippi as a ligament that was to bind the West to the East. And has not time shown that the great statesman was right in the importance he attached to the Mississippi River? Has not the subsequent development of the States in the Mississippi Valley, now containing so great a proportion of the population and wealth of the nation, shown that Mr. Breckinridge was right eighty-three years ago in making the acquisition of Louisiana a national necessity before which all technical constitutional objections must give way? Not only the millions of people living in the Mississippi Valley will answer, yes, but those who abide on the Atlantic and on the Pacific slopes, and those who dwell upon the Lakes and upon the Gulf will not say, no.

Independent of the nominal purchases from the Indians, it was the first enlargement of the original domain of the United States; but the precedent once established, in time brought other additions scarcely less important. In 1819 the Floridas were purchased from Spain, and the same year a treaty with Great Britain confirmed what discovery, in 1792, and exploration, in 1805, and settlement, in 1811, had done for Oregon. In 1845 Texas united her destinies with ours, and the same year, supplemented by the occurrences of 1848 and 1853, we acquired a vast domain from Mexico by conquest, by treaty, and by purchase. The recent purchase of Alaska from Russia closed the acquisitions which had literally extended our dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the Arctic Ocean. As the Louisiana purchase was the first step in this grand march of empire, and as John Breckinridge was first and foremost among those in the National Legislature to make lawful and hold fast what had been acquired without law, his name must be forever associated with the mighty expansion of our country.

He was prominent before the Republican caucus which met at Washington in February, 1804, to nominate candidates for the presidency and vice-presidency. As the popular administration of Mr. Jefferson had secured to him his own succession, and as he was from Vir-

ginia, prudence dictated that the second office should not be attempted to be filled from Kentucky. Hence, after twenty votes had been cast for Mr. Breckinridge, George Clinton, of New York, received the nomination for the vice-presidency. Had the life of Mr. Breckinridge been spared he might have succeeded Mr. Jefferson in 1808, or been postponed to no distant term for the highest of honors his countrymen were evidently thinking of conferring upon him.

On the 7th of August, 1805, President Jefferson made him Attorney-General of the United States, and withdrew his services from the Senate to the Cabinet. He was destined, however, to too short a term in his new office to add to the fame he had already acquired. In the autumn of the following year he was attacked by a typhus fever, which continued long and grew in malignancy. On the 14th of December, 1806, his fine constitution yielded to the ravages of the disease, and his brief career was ended at Cabell's Dale, twelve days after he had reached the age of forty-six. Here, in the shade of native trees his remains were laid in a graveyard selected by himself, on elevated ground to the rear of the dwelling-house, overlooking the lovely valley in which the never-failing family spring poured out a generous stream of clear, cool water. When fifty-two years had passed after his interment, his widow, at the protracted age of ninety, closed her faultless career, and was buried in the same grave in accordance with her own request. Here they lay, united in death as they had been in life, until the 3d of September, 1884, when they were removed to the beautiful cemetery at Lexington. When the grave was opened down to the remains of Mr. Breckinridge, it was found that decay, during a period of seventy-eight years, had dealt kindly with the sacred trust. The dark cherry coffin, with its white silver handles, retained its form, but soon crumbled on exposure to the air. The skeleton was perfect, and the massive cranium indicated the ample forehead and prominent cheeks and elongated chin which had characterized his features and contour of face in life. Mrs. Breckinridge had been buried in an iron case, which, although unopened on account of the impenetrable lorication which corrosion had formed, indicated by its weight that decomposition had spared the remains inclosed, as it had those of her sister, Mrs. Lewis, which lay in a similar casket by her side, and which, when opened, disclosed the body in such a

perfect state of preservation that her features were recognized by those present who had known her in life, though she had been buried longer than Mrs. Breckinridge. No becoming monument has yet risen over his new grave in the Lexington cemetery, but his remains repose in the Breckinridge lot, and that is a name more durable than monumental stone.

Although above the ordinary height, and standing full six feet, Mr. Breckinridge was not proportionally stout, but slender and muscular. His eyes were gray, his hair brown, and his features marked and manly. He was an exceptionally handsome man, with an intellectual face and commanding features. Courteous in his manners, gentle in his bearing, open, fearless, and true in all his intercourse with his fellow-men; a model husband, father, neighbor, and citizen, he was loved in life and mourned in death as none but those possessing such characteristics could be. He was the father of nine children, all of whom have followed him to the grave, and some of whom,

like himself, have left distinguished names long to remain in the memory of the living. His descendants of the second and third degrees are among us filling important stations in private life and public, and some of them bearing his great intellectual endowments no less conspicuously than they appeared in the ancestor. It is seldom that the great talents of the founder of a family have been so persistent in those who have sprung from him. The forensic powers which passed from John Breckinridge to Robert J. Breckinridge, and from him to W. C. P. Breckinridge, have but few parallels in the history of the world's great orators. Not less striking, however, were these rare gifts in their descent through J. Cabell Breckinridge to John C. Breckinridge, and from him yet further on to the fourth generation in Clifton R. Breckinridge. The founder of a line of distinguished divines, jurists, physicians, and soldiers, as well as great statesmen and orators, his name must ever fill a commanding page of his country's history.

[CONCLUDED.]

R. T. Durrett.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

GENERAL BUELL'S review of Shiloh has very effectively disposed of the claims which either Generals Grant and Sherman, or their apologists, have made to victory upon the first day of that battle. And now that it may be regarded as an established historical fact that the Federal army under General Grant had been virtually broken into fragments, and beaten beyond all power of further resistance when the advance brigades of Buell's column had begun to cross the river, some doubts of the accuracy of other statements made by Grant and Sherman concerning the battle may enter the minds of their most loyal admirers. We venture to say that no man capable of understanding the data upon which the controversy has turned, certainly no military reader of average intelligence, and with the experience which nearly every veteran of the war on either side acquired, will fail to perceive and concede, after reading General Buell's article, that the situation of Grant's army on the evening of the 6th was extremely critical, even after the first reinforcements had arrived, and would have been desperate had not aid been at hand. It was reduced to less than one half the numerical strength with which it had confronted the Confederate attack in the morning, its loss in artillery had been serious, and the circumstances which General Buell relates as having come under his own personal observation and knowledge prove conclusively that it was in a state of disorganization which would have been remediless, and of demoralization no influence could have corrected, had not

the Army of the Ohio been interposed between it and danger.

General Buell estimates that the number of stragglers—men who had thrown away their arms and could not be rallied at all—upon the river bank at night-fall could "not have fallen short of fifteen thousand." Sherman's division had been battered out of all recognition; so much so that "General Sherman has nothing to report of his own command distinctively. Every thing is conjunctive and general as between McClelland and himself." Of McClelland's division General Buell says: "It was in a far better state. It was shattered and worn, but it was represented by at least some recognized following of regiments and brigades. One of the brigades had five hundred men, and another the commander reports was 'merely nominal,' not long before McClelland took up his seventh position. In the last collision one of the brigades became entirely separated from the division, and did not return to it until after the battle. Fifteen hundred, exclusive of that brigade, would cover the number of men that rested that night under McClelland's colors." Hurlbut's division, although its loss in killed and wounded was larger than McClelland's, was in somewhat better shape. "There may have been fifteen hundred or two thousand men," says General Buell, of other "unrecognized commands that went to the front on Monday without instructions." In fine, he estimates that, "Seven thousand men at the utmost, besides Lew Wallace's five thousand, were ready Sunday

night to take part in the struggle which was to be renewed in the morning. Of the original force seven thousand were killed or wounded, three thousand were prisoners; at least fifteen thousand were absent from the ranks and hopelessly disorganized, and about thirty pieces of artillery were in the hands of the enemy."

Nor is this all. General Buell very plainly and emphatically asserts—and to the minds of most of his readers, doubtless, his avowment is so buttressed by proofs and arguments as to be conclusive—that the location of the Federal line of battle at night-fall on Sunday by Generals Grant and Sherman, in the accounts they have respectively written, is altogether erroneous. When, "Nineteen years after the battle, General Sherman revised the official map, and deposited his version with the archives of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee for historical use," he obtained a very decided advantage in the controversy by a complete sacrifice of historical accuracy. It places the Federal forces, General Buell declares, upon ground which they did not really occupy, in order to make it appear that they held better tactical positions and were in stronger numbers than was the fact, and to that extent sustain the claim that they could have accepted, and, indeed, have offered battle upon the next day. "The advantage of the revised arrangement," says General Buell, "is obvious. It extended General Grant's territory a half mile to the south, fully as much to the west, taking in Tillman's hollow, one third of McClelland's captured camp, and a large part of the Confederate army, giving a battle front of two miles and a half instead of one mile, and requiring no greater power of imagination to man it than to devise it." Indeed, Buell declares that this new and revised line, "prepared with such elaboration of detail, and introduced with such richness of anecdotal embellishment, was a thorough delusion;" and that "General Sherman was in a different place" altogether from that in which he locates himself with such minuteness of description.

General Buell rates the strength in which the Confederate army could have renewed the attack on Monday morning at twenty-eight thousand men, and dismisses with something like contempt the suggestion which has been attributed to General Grant, that its withdrawal from its advanced position on the night of the 6th argued preparation for retreat. "The inconsistency of that observation is evident. A general who stops to fight a fresh army is not likely to have had it in contemplation to flee before one that he had already defeated on the same ground." Every thing indicates, in General Buell's opinion, that the Confederate officers perfectly realized the substantial advantages they had won, and few will read, we think, his statement without concluding that, but for the twenty thousand fresh and excellent troops of the Army of the Ohio, the next morning would have seen them complete their victory.

With regard to the surprise of the Federal army on the 6th, so persistently and angrily denied by General Sherman, General Buell uses very plain language, but no plainer or stronger than he is justified in employing, or than every soldier of either army who was in the first day's battle will indorse. He says: "Each revival of that question has placed the fact in a more glaring light. The call to arms blended with the crash of the assault, and when the whole forest on the rising ground in front flashed with the gleam of bayonets, then General Sherman, as he reports, 'became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack.'"

Perhaps, after this exposition of the situation in which the Confederate onset found the army encamped at Pittsburgh Landing, those who have accepted General Sherman's denial of a surprise will begin to perceive that, if he were not surprised, he has a far more serious charge to answer, viz., that, aware of the proximity of an enemy in force, and the probability of combat, he made no tactical preparation, formed no line of battle, but permitted his troops to be attacked upon their camp-grounds and in their tents.

SALMAGUNDI.

ROWLETT'S POINT, Tennessee, was a very pious neighborhood, having more genuine, long-staple, inspected religion than any other three neighborhoods in the State. It was almost impossible for a sinner to sojourn there any reasonable period without experiencing a change of heart; and if any devout sister or brother moved to the "Point" with the expectation of beating the record, a prayer-meeting or two convinced the aspirant that there was nothing to be had by the effort but disappointment and vexation of spirit.

The only citizen of the precinct who was n't a church-member and a pattern of Christian excellence was old man Jeter. He was the richest farmer in the county, and the best; as honest, sincere, and truthful a man as ever the sun shone on. But he was n't pious worth a cent. He did n't know the decalogue from a New York stock-list, and he said it was all the same to him "whether Goliath or Joshua slew

David with the jaw-bone of an ass." He could out-swear a Confederate cavalry regiment camped around a still-house on a wet night. He knew all the usual and accepted formulae for swearing by heart, and, in an emergency, he could extemporize strange oaths with a fluent eloquence that might have moved Isaiah to admiration, and would give any modern preacher a cramp in the stomach.

His wife was not only a kind and good old lady, but she had all the religious feeling that her husband lacked. She wept and prayed for him, deplored his unrighteousness, and strove unremittingly to bring him to a sense of his wicked and rebellious course and dangerous condition. Old Jeter was mighty fond and proud of her. She could make him do any thing but "profess religion;" and it was his quaint boast, that she was "the best woman," and he "the d-d-est wust man in them woods."

But her prayers and efforts were to be finally

crowned with success. The church people at the "Point" resolved to have the biggest camp-meeting and revival ever witnessed in that part of Tennessee. They invited all the most distinguished ministers and fervid exhorters for a hundred miles around, and prepared for a movement in force upon the works of Satan in their vicinity, which should route him thence forever, and leave him not a follower in that region. A deputation waited upon old man Jeter, and requested permission to use a spacious and beautiful woodland upon his farm. He promptly and cheerfully gave his consent, and furnished also abundant contributions to the commissary department, for he was as liberal in giving as in thinking, and, moreover, his wife was one of the committee of management.

The meeting had been in full blast several days before the old man could be induced to attend, and he had responded to every invitation with a storm of profanity which made his hearers believe that all the devils, exorcised by the powerful preaching at the camp, had taken refuge in his capacious stomach. At length he yielded to the tearful entreaties of his wife, and not only came to the meeting, but in his ignorance and confusion stumbled up as far as the mourner's bench. Then the evangelists turned loose on him, and thundered and wept, and denounced and promised, and threatened and plead; and the mourners sobbed and shrieked and fell on his neck and plucked at his coat tails, and his wife rushed through the crowd and threw her arms around him, and assured him that now was the accepted time, and before the old fellow could rally his thoughts or exactly realize what was going on, he found himself shouting and shaking hands, and rejoicing along with the balance of 'em that a lost sheep had been found, and that he was that sheep. Immediately upon his conversion, old Jeter went to work with all the energy and earnestness of his nature to proselyte far and near. He insisted that the meeting should be extended a week longer, trebled and quadrupled his supplies of beef and mutton, and hunted up several converts, as little expected as himself had been, running in several niggers at the muzzle of a shotgun. And as guarantee of permanent reformation, he swore he would never swear again. Finally the leading minister thought the time had arrived when the old man

ought to take his turn at prayer, and suddenly, and rather to his consternation, called on him. He had learned something during his week's novitiate of the forms in which petitions to the Throne should be couched, yet was rather at a loss to know the substance of what he should say, but he was a gritty old chap, and he determined to do the best he could.

"O Lord," he said, "our beloved pastor has be'n a-pleaden mighty strong for these poor dyin' sinners, that you give 'em faith and pure hearts and grace to profit by thy Word. That's all right; I ain't got nothin' to say agin that. But I wish to ask thy mercy and beneficent kindness for 'em in respect of the things of this life. I know the most of 'em, O Lord! and they are mighty poor people, and thar ain't one in ten of 'em has got sense enough to make a livin' and pay taxes when times is hard; and, O Lord! I want you to help 'em. In thy abundant mercy, O Lord, you might send some of 'em which is most in need a few good gifts that never would be missed out of the gen'ral stock. Old man Jones has rented a little patch of land, but he ain't got no farmin' tools. You might send him a Avery plow or a McCormick reaper. Old Bill Hopper, which is a cripple, is out of provisions. You could n't do better than send him a bar'l of pork and a few bushels of potatoes, which, along with a contented disposition, would help him powerful endurin' the winter. And thar's the Widder Adams, Lord! She's poor and she's feeble; she's got a big family of small children, all too young to work wuth speakin' of, exceptin' her oldest son Ephrum, and he's sorter wind-shuck, so he can't advise her or oversee nothin'. O Lord! me and my wife Betsy has helped her a good heft ourselves; and, if I was you, I'd send her a cask of Magnolia hams, and a couple of bar'ls of flour, and a sack of coffee, and a lot of sugar, and a little tea, and a right smart chance of rice and dried apples and sich, and a keg of salt, and a hogshhead of black pepper—" Just here the old man halted in his fervid petition, reflected a moment, seemed to conclude that he had preferred an absurd request, the old habit returned suddenly and caught him off his base, and to the amazement and horror of the crowd, and his own subsequent grief and shame, he shouted out at the top of his voice, "*Why, dash blank dash, my blank fool soul to blank! that's entirely too much pepper!*"



HOW NOW!



A RAT?



DEAD, FOR A DUCAT, DEAD!

HAMLET, ACT III, SCENE IV.

